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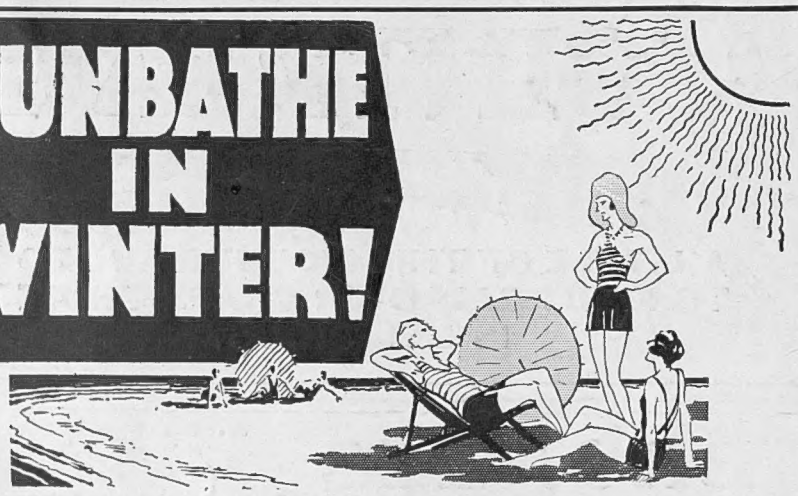

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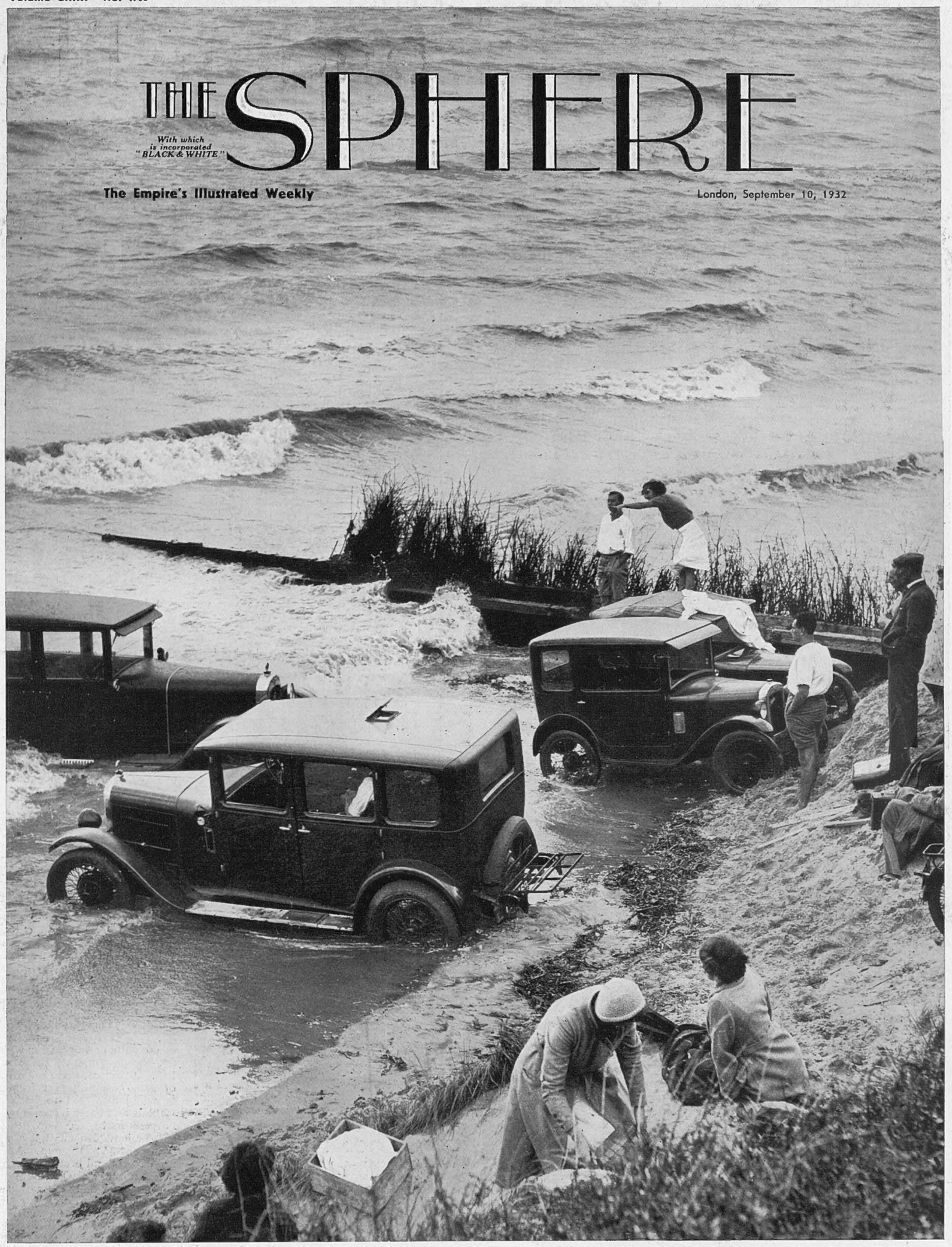
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, September 10, 1932



THE MOTORISTS' DILEMMA

Sudden High Tides on the South Coast Maroon Motorists on the Sands at Camber

Holiday makers at Rye experienced an unusual occurrence last Sunday. A sudden and unexpectedly high tide roared in under the impetus of a South-wester and marooned on the shore a number of motor-cars. The beach at Camber boasts a concrete pull-over, and motorists drive direct on to the beach to park on the sands between the sea and the dunes, which are pierced with small lanes barely the width of a car. Into the space between the seaward side of the pull-over and the favoured area that was used as a parking place, poured the swirling water. Some cars succeeded in negotiating the narrow exit lanes, but the jam was so great that others were in water to their hubs before they could get out of the danger zone. Once even the front wheels are awash, it is almost impossible to get a motor to move on sand, as the wheels sink deeply into the ground

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A London New

AN ANTI-SUBMARINE DEFENCE: The floating-out of H.M.S. *Guardian*, the net-layer and target-towing vessel at Chatham Dockyard. She is to be employed in laying submarine nets for the protection of fleet anchorages, is of 3,050 tons, is equipped with machinery of 6,500 h.p. and a speed of 18 knots. 310 ft. in length, she has a beam of 53 ft. Her armament includes two 4-in. anti-aircraft guns

346, STRAND, W.C.,

Wednesday, September 7, 1932.

OTTAWA AND PATIENCE.

—There are many secrets from Ottawa not yet divulged, and I doubt if the whole story will be told until Parliament meets. Before it is told, all the Dominion Parliaments must have got together, and many special and standing committees throughout the Empire must have sat and made recommendations. But one secret is out, and that is that the high hopes of success entertained before the Conference by uninformed optimists were not shared by the delegates from any part of the Dominions. The innumerable and conflicting interests and the political difficulties which stood in the way of every promising formula loomed menacing; and the results of Ottawa came as a genuinely pleasant surprise to those who achieved them. The danger now is that in the public mind a reaction will set in, and disappointment will be bred by the inevitable delay not only in the publication of results achieved, but of the material benefits accruing therefrom. The chief results of Ottawa, to be more immediately appreciated, are the strengthening of the Imperial idea and the killing of a score of false notions and misrepresentations which have long hindered Imperial understanding and smooth working and progress.

. . . . .

There is no doubt that in England the heaviest share of anxiety concerning the issue and the effect of the issue on the public at home fell on those Ministers who remained at home. Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues were cheered by contact with the Dominion delegates, and basked in the sunshine of goodwill. Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues at home enjoyed that sunshine reflected, and were obsessed with the prime danger of rising food prices and their effect on the public at home. Before Ottawa, Mr. Baldwin got most of the kicks, Mr. MacDonald such halfpence as offered. After Ottawa, the halfpence that reward success go to Mr. Baldwin, the kicks at higher food prices must touch Mr. MacDonald first. A National Government, too, is inevitably a Government in which the conflict of personalities will be strenuous, however single-minded the protagonists, however loyal the members. From now on, Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Baldwin, and Sir John Simon are bound to be very conscious of one another. It is to be hoped that in the stress of work that still remains (which only a National Government can do), every member of a Government with which we are in no anxiety to part will lose himself in the ocean of patriotic endeavour.

THE COTTON STOPPAGE.

—The prospect of the final ruin of half Lancashire and of one of our staple industries forces the most self-centred citizen to try to inform himself about the real issue. Clearly the reinstatement issue is but a side issue. It is not possible to dismiss the tragedy as mere suicide during temporary insanity. After years of bleak depression the way seemed clearer for a gradual trade revival; and the first gleam of dawn was the prearranged signal for suicide—or so, at first sight, it appears. The results of a stoppage in any of our vital industries—it has been demonstrated more than once in the coal industry—are not temporary. They damage us for a generation. Our overseas consumers, forced to seek an immediate alternative, acquire (and persist for years in) the habit of employing that alternative. This fact cannot be hid from any representative of masters or of weavers. Both sides know that every day of stoppage means an increased legacy of depression for a generation. Each side, therefore, deliberately stakes its own last chance of survival on this desperate throw. It is fair, therefore, to assume that each side sees justice in its claims and believes that the magnitude of the stake will force the weaker cause to yield at the eleventh hour. We are forced to abandon the theory that the blindness and greed of masters or of men or the insanity of Toryism or of Communism can wreak such havoc at such an hour.

A GREAT PITY.

—That the present summer has been notable for fresh triumphs in the air, is admitted. That Lord Cecil has made some wise pronouncements in his time is equally true. Accordingly, a notable saying of his, which was given publicity in the Press recently, deserves examination. "It is a great pity," he said, "that flying was ever invented." The majority voice would, I suppose, at first hearing, cry shame on such impious Toryism. But Lord Cecil is anything but a Tory and seldom speaks out without careful thought. And while the majority voice would be right in upholding the value of the bulk of scientific inventions in our day (as on the whole having been for the benefit of humanity), the case of flying is in a rather remarkable category. It is much more difficult to put one's hand on its obvious benefits to humanity. The invention of radio held advantages for humanity which altogether outweigh its disputable evils — such as mind atrophy and potted knowledge. It has brought light and interest and safety into men's lives. The motor-car also probably claims a preponderance of advantages over disadvantages. There is a long list of scientific inventions which can be considered in the same way—on the credit and debit sides. The case of flying stands, in my opinion as in Lord Cecil's, apart. It has claimed a heavy toll of valuable lives. On the other hand, all such inventions must be perfected at the cost of human life, and unquestionably the progress of science in our day has saved more lives than it has lost.

PROS AND CONS.

—But what are the benefits which flying has given us? It has helped to perfect by severe testing the internal combustion engine. But whether it has done more than motor racing in this respect I do not know. It claims to have brought the distant corners of the world into closer touch. But has not radio achieved far more valuable results in this direction? We are not noticeably nearer carrying into the air the capacity and comforts of the liner, even if we accept as proved the importance of still further reducing the time taken in reaching Australia and America. And in warfare the invention did nothing to reduce the length or the barbarities of the Great War. Its peace-time disadvantages are glaring. I am utterly unable to put my finger on a single counterbalancing benefit to humanity.

BLOOD SPORTS.

—With the shooting season in full swing and the hunting season in prospect, the anti-blood sport campaign has begun again and brought me a request from a reader to declare my views. Embarrassing? Yes and no. Admittedly my theories and practice are at variance. I am illogical and inconsistent. At the same time I have not endeavoured (vide this column, passim, for a decade) to conceal them in all their stark inconsistency. I loathe taking life, I detest killing even a cockroach. It is with difficulty that I can be persuaded to kill a redundant cockereil or bring in dead a boiling fowl—and I shoot grouse, pheasants, duck, snipe, woodcock, partridges, hares, pigeons and rabbits, etc., whenever occasion offers. But even if I did not thus inconsistently indulge in blood sports I should not join in an anti-blood sport campaign. I do not agree in the methods of those who do so. I even doubt the utility of their activities. The noblest cause of protecting dumb animals has a vast field for its labours and has achieved incredibly big results. At the same time the movement appears to attract to it half the cranks in the country and to reveal in its deliberations more egotism and lack of restraint than is to be found anywhere in the brute creation. The obvious field at the present time for these powerful and well-organized societies is the combating of cruelty due to sheer ignorance, thoughtlessness, and commercial greed.

PLOUGHING THE SAND.

—It is in my view mere ploughing of the sand to endeavour to kill the fashion for blood sports. I believe that sport (as it is called) is as much a part of our nature as love or the instinct for self-preservation; and I believe that only time, and perhaps the advances in science that march with time, can alter that—certainly not the propaganda of humanitarians directed upon the more highly educated and wealthier classes. It is, for example, time and scientific invention (and not propaganda) which has already killed much of the enthusiasm for big game shooting. Admittedly that high costs and the reduction in natural reserves have played their part, the photographic lens and an increasing enthusiasm for natural science have done much more to send out of fashion the lust to collect tusks and heads and skins. All my life I have found no more depressing spectacle than a pleasant country house adorned with the grisly and dust-laden and moth-eaten relics of some mighty hunter's trips to Africa or India. I loathe tiger skins, detest deers' horns, and am revolted by stuffed bears holding lamps or otherwise. I have never understood why these sportsmen should impose the bitter legacy of their game-books on their descendants in a documentary form so mouldy, ugly, and unwholesome. Well, then (says you), if you haven't the energy and courage to endure the risks and fatigue involved in big game shooting, why do you indulge in ease and safety in the murder of "barn-door fowls with a scatter-gun"? To this charge there is no complete answer. I tell you now that I hate nothing more than the sight of a fat, middle-aged man hitting his pheasants in the tail or messing up grouse and partridges. If a man cannot learn to shoot decently by the time he is thirty, he should give up shooting and take to golf or bumble puppy. If he cannot achieve the art of swinging well forward (so that he either kills or misses completely) he should not be tolerated.

AN ILLOGICAL DEFENCE.

—But why shoot at all? Well, first of all, it is a part of country life—the country life of my fathers which I love and would jealously preserve while I live. And next, there are certain forms of game which (apart from the food question) have got to be kept down. Rabbits and hares increase rapidly, and farmers and gardeners demand their destruction. No death-dealing weapon is so humane as the gun. And half the soil of Scotland breeds grouse (and will breed nothing else) without the aid of man, although heather-burning and draining and vermin-catching immensely increase the chance of survival. But if you do not thin the stock, disease and misery will result to the birds. In the days of hand-reaped stubbles the same remarks applied to the partridge; and even to-day, with still less help from man, the partridge remains a natural stock which must be kept in check. And what can the grain farmer do but shoot pigeons? I shoot with a scatter-gun, then, because I enjoy the sport, in which I have acquired a fair proficiency. I believe that the birds and beasts I kill suffer less at my hands than they would at the hands of trappers or poachers. I believe that their numbers must be kept down in the interests of man and of the creatures themselves.

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THE STAHLHELM paraded 200,000 strong before the ex-Crown Prince last week-end, a function at which Field-Marshal von Mackensen greeted the leaders of the movement, Herr Seldte and Colonel Duesterberg

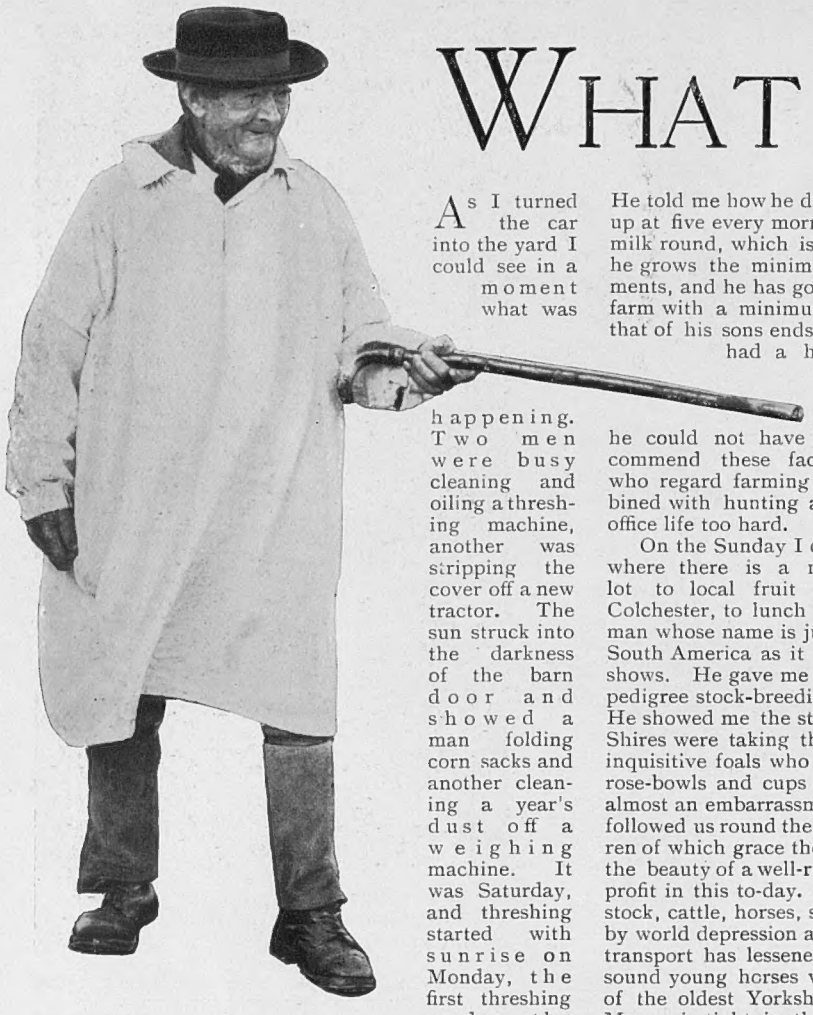
GERMANY TO-DAY

THE BANNERS OF THE STAHLHELM floated proudly above the great field of the Tempelhof Aerodrome when the ex-Crown Prince reviewed almost 200,000 of the quasi-military organization

THE PARADE OF BANNERS in the Tempelhof Aerodrome, Berlin. The martial spirit that was the keynote of pre-War Germany is to-day, it is claimed, diluted out of all recognition, but no trace of the diminution was perceptible, despite the lack of arms, in the Stahlhelm muster. The crowds were every bit as enthusiastic as the protagonists. Field-Marshal von Mackensen, in the uniform of the Death's Head Hussars, received a vociferous welcome

EX-PRINCE EITEL FRITZ in Stahlhelm uniform. Ex-Prince Wilhelm, son of the ex-Crown Prince, and ex-Prince Oscar of Prussia, were also present at the muster of 197,000 Stahlmeteers—a greater number than the standing army

WHAT HARVEST HAVE



LOVE OF THE LAND: The old spirit still prevails and will prevail over hard times

As I turned the car into the yard I could see in a moment what was happening. Two men were busy cleaning and oiling a threshing machine, another was stripping the cover off a new tractor. The sun struck into the darkness of the barn door and showed a man folding corn sacks and another cleaning a year's dust off a weighing machine. It was Saturday, and threshing started with sunrise on Monday, the first threshing under the Wheat Act, with a standard guaranteed price of 45s. per quarter for wheat. A threshing when wheat farmers are facing days almost as black as those at the close of the last century.

What my farmer friend showed me and told me that warm Saturday afternoon as we rode round his farm illustrates perhaps the position the corn-farmers of England are facing to-day. The farm is in Suffolk, in that glorious unspoilt country that lies between Framlingham and the sea, in the heart of the principal corn-growing area in the country. It has been in the hands of his family for over 150 years; one of his ancestors was a close friend and disciple of the immortal Squire of Holkham, who laid the foundations of arable farming as it is known to-day. The farm is first-rate corn land, the farmer is as good and as progressive as you will find anywhere, but he has not made a penny piece of profit on his corn for six years. He showed me his carefully kept costing accounts, showing how much each field of wheat had cost, and each showed a loss. He showed me his great stack-yard half empty. He showed me his 16-acre field, famous miles round for its corn yield, put down to roots. And as we rode across the stubble, given over to a glorious cock pheasant and his ladies, he told me of farmers he knew to whom the Wheat Act had come as lifebelts to drowning men. His view was that while the guaranteed price will not turn loss into profit, it will save many men from bankruptcy. It gives hope in what had seemed hopeless.

The figures in the economic survey conducted by the Department of Agriculture of Cambridge University bear out all he told me. Over a thousand East Anglian farms were reviewed. Although in the very centre of the corn-growing area the sale of cereals from these farms in 1931 amounted to less than 14 per cent. of the gross income, and the wheat acreage was the smallest on record. In this area, where twenty-five years ago corn was the absolute mainstay of the farmers, about 70 per cent. of their income to-day is from livestock and their products. They have to grow corn for the straw, and prices have been so bad that they have fed a lot of the corn to their stock. The following fact may serve to illustrate how things are in the corn country. The price level of the produce of these farms in 1931 was 18 per cent. below that necessary to provide farmers a reasonable return on their capital, and a weekly cash wage of 48s. for their own work. On this date in 1929—and that was a bad year—wheat was worth 11s. 5d. cwt., barley 9s. 10d., and oats 8s. 10d. To-day the market price of British wheat is 6s. 2d. cwt., barley 7s. 5d., and oats 6s. 11d. That is the rock-hard fact of corn-farming to-day.

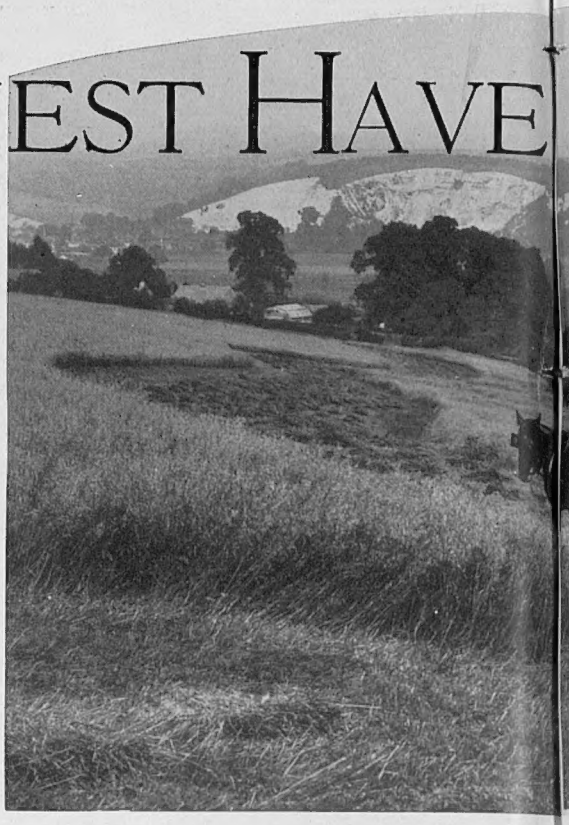
Not all the farmers in East Anglia are making losses, but very few are making much more than a bare living. Many of them are finding that sugar beet is a saving crop. I walked through some acres of it on Sunday, and the farmer pulled a root here and there. It has got another month to go before pulling, but the roots look well. The rain came at the right time, and there should be a good sugar beet crop this year. Incidentally, this farmer—he is a tenant with about 600 acres—has made a profit every year for twenty years. He told me how he did it. He and his three sons are up at five every morning to do the milking. He has a milk round, which is profitable; he grows sugar beet, he grows the minimum of corn for his straw requirements, and he has good marsh grazing. He runs his farm with a minimum of labour, his working day and that of his sons ends when it is dark, and he has not had a holiday since he took the farm. He told me that if he had not got his sons, who live at home and also take no holidays, he could not have shown a profit every year. I commend these facts to the attention of those who regard farming as a pleasant occupation, combined with hunting and shooting, for those who find office life too hard.

On the Sunday I came South through Woodbridge, where there is a new cannery that will mean a lot to local fruit growers, through Ipswich and Colchester, to lunch with a stock-breeder in Essex, a man whose name is just as famous in South Africa and South America as it is in the judging rings of our own shows. He gave me light on another side of farming, pedigree stock-breeding and fattening stock for market. He showed me the stallion pens, where three glorious Shires were taking the afternoon sun; several clumsy inquisitive foals who some day may bring home more rose-bowls and cups to add to the collection he finds almost an embarrassment; a stately Suffolk mare which followed us round the paddock like a dog and the children of which grace the show rings of Australia; and all the beauty of a well-run stud. Yet there is little or no profit in this to-day. The exporting trade in pedigree stock, cattle, horses, sheep and pigs has been hard hit by world depression and exchange restrictions. Motor transport has lessened the demand for light horses—sound young horses were selling at 30s. apiece in one of the oldest Yorkshire horse sales a few days ago. Money is tight in the farming community and stock prices are low. All these things make it difficult for pedigree breeders. Two days later I talked with well-known pig and sheep breeders in Kent to hear the same thing. There is a famous pedigree flock in East Kent, which was valued at £6 10s. a ewe a few years ago. Due to the fall in prices the value of them to-day is certainly not over 45s. a head, if as much. The breed is as good as ever, but prices are on the bottom, with a capital loss to the owner of the flock of about £9,000. Nor does there seem to be much money in fattening stock. I went to see a farmer in Hampshire, whom I know to be hard-working, modern and thorough, because I once worked under him. He always takes prizes at the local fat-stock shows, sometimes at Smithfield.

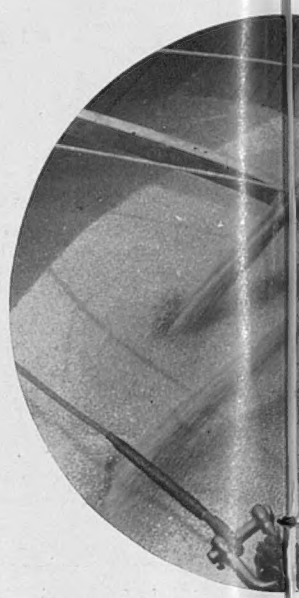
I found him studying an advertisement, offering lambs at 6s. each. "Rather tragic, isn't it?" was his only comment. He showed me the auctioneer's return for fat sheep sold to him in the preceding week. The average price worked out at 13s. 8d. a sheep. We had saddle of mutton for lunch. He showed me the butcher's ticket, price 12s. 6d. That is one of the problems the farmer would like answered. In the afternoon we walked out to see his fat bullocks, red Shorthorns and white-faced Herefords, their coats shining with condition. I congratulated him on them. "Yes," he replied, "they ought to look good. I fed them through the winter, and now they are on my best grass, I sent the first of them to market last week, and they fetched less than I gave for them lean in the autumn." Yet I did not find these farmers depressed or dispirited. They were little different from when I worked amongst them twelve years ago, when things were much better than they are now. Many of them are having a terribly hard time, but they have faith in their industry and the future. They love the land, and it is part of their very souls. It is true that some farmers grouse, but so does the British soldier, the finest fighting man in the world.

From Hampshire I found my way through to Tonbridge, and from there to Paddock Wood in Kent, in the heart of the hop country. Hops, like wheat, are governed by new conditions this year, for they are to be marketed under control exercised by the new Agricultural Marketing Act. After the war hop-growing was under Government control, and as one who was working with a large hop-grower at that time I may perhaps be allowed to express the opinion that control was of little or no benefit to the industry then. For the past three years the market has been uncontrolled, but things got no better, so this year, by a majority vote of the growers, control of prices and marketing have been re-instituted. The scheme is at the moment experimental, and will be amended in the light of this season's experiences, but all the people with whom I discussed it expressed the hope that a quota on foreign hops will become a fundamental part of it.

Hop-picking is in full swing now. Some of the gardens are still untouched, fresh in their green glory. In some work is finished, and there is a wilderness of bare poles, wire, and dying bine. Others are full of pickers, working at a speed that is almost incredible. I sought out an old lady—she is not a Londoner but a local picker — whose judgment on hops I respect. She has picked them for forty-seven years, so she ought to know. I found her, enthroned on her backless chair and surrounded by her married daughters and her grandchildren, completely satisfied. Hops were plentiful, and there was not too much bine to hinder picking. She agreed entirely with the market report that "as regards this crop we have seldom seen



THE OLD METHODS still persist, not only because of the lack of means to buy the new machinery. Such a to participant and



DUMPING is still a danger selling at 67s. a quarter 23s.

MODERN METHODS: An International harvesting machine cutting and threshing in one operation—a device adopted for its tenant farmers by Magdalen College, Oxford, as a time-saver

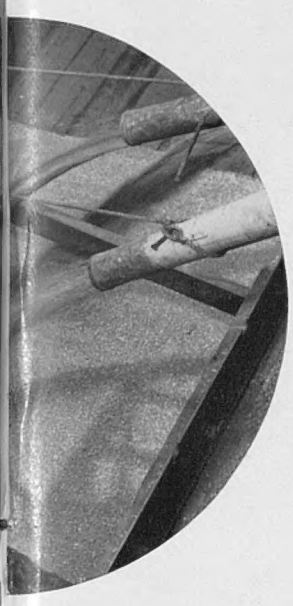
WE REAPED? A Survey of Six Counties

Despite the Fact that British Wheat Stands at 6s. 2d. a Cwt., the Basic Industry of Agriculture Holds High Hopes of Returning to Prosperity

By J. BAKER-WHITE

innate conservatism of the agricultural class but also from scene as this in the glory of the Sussex Weald is inspiring spectator alike

such quality waiting to be harvested." I talked with her about the old days when hop-picking was a wild business, when Saturday night was an affair of broken heads, and huts set on fire by pickers going to bed with lighted pipes, when wise publicans sold the glasses as well as the beer, refunding only when the glass was returned unbroken, and when the hoppers' work was recorded on wooden tallies.



to British agriculture. Wheat, in Berlin, is dumped at here

Things are different now. Hop-picking is an affair of card-indexes, first aid centres and open-air services. Some hoppers arrive by motor-car and hang curtains in the windows of their huts. The greatest difference is a sad one. There are far fewer hops to be picked, and so much less work. I know of two hop-gardens, both over 400 years old, that will never grow a hop again, rows of hoppers' huts converted into hen houses, oasts used as potato stores, nothing left save the bitter-sweet scent of hops. It was in 1928 that the last hops were dried in one of these oasts; they are still lying in their pockets in a store in the Borough. Of high quality, they gave a perfect sample, but they are still unsold. And there are a lot more of the 1929, 1930, and 1931 crops also unsold, and when the agricultural returns come out in October they will show probably a smaller acreage of hops grown than ever before.

That evening I spent watching something that never ceases to fascinate me—a hop drier at his work. The great bags full of hops fresh and green from the garden were swung in and poured on to the "hairs" in the kilns. In the warmth from the drying fires beneath, on our tongues the tang of the brimstone that makes a green hop gold, we spread the hops, and the doors of the kilns were closed. Slam an oven door to incur the wrath of the cook and ruin a pudding. Open and slam the doors of a kiln of drying hops, there is a fair chance of feeling the weight of the drier's fist and of ruining the hops. For hops in the drying are very, very temperamental, very easily over-dried, just as easily under-dried.

I talked with the drier about craftsmen, one of the minor problems of the agricultural industry. His home is not at Paddock Wood, but the other side of Tonbridge, and he told me of the difficulty he had had in finding his assistant. The trouble is that craftsmanship does not seem to appeal to the young men. There is room for young men to learn the crafts of hop-drying, sheep-shearing, reed and straw thatching, hedging, ditching, ploughing, and to work with horses and stock. There is, of course, a surplus of agricultural labour, but in many districts there is a scarcity of good all-round workers. The drier reckoned it was all due to motor-cars. In the old days a farm hand was content with his pipe and a jug of ale, with an occasional visit to market or fair. Nor did clothes worry them very much. To-day the younger men smoke cigarettes, dress up on Sundays, go to cinemas, get into towns as often as possible, and drink little or no beer. Close to my home is an inn that had a good trade before the War, almost entirely agricultural. To-day the house has not more than twenty regular customers, and they are all well over forty. The change in the mentality of young farmworkers may be hailed as progress, but craftsmanship on the land is suffering in consequence.

In my talks with farmers in East Anglia, Kent, Hampshire, and Surrey I have found them resentful of the allegation, often made against their industry by persons who should be better informed, that British agricultural methods are inefficient and out of date. In reply to the allegation of inefficiency I can quote the testimony of an American agriculturist who has studied farming all over the world. He found the *general* standard of farming higher in Britain than anywhere else. So far as the question of out-of-date appliances and machinery is concerned, I have my own experience from visiting farms on which I worked in 1920 and 1921. In every respect and in spite of economic difficulties they have kept pace with the times. On various farms I have visited in the past six months I have seen electric milkers, bottle-washing plants, brine-coolers, portable electric motors, the latest type of hay-balers, electric cables in greenhouses for heating the soil in forcing-beds, electric light in poultry houses to lengthen the winter days and so increase egg production, transplanting machines, automatic dyke-cleaners, Carden-Loyd tractors for timber-carrying, egg and fruit-grading machinery, and automatic food-mixers. There are twenty-one cows in Britain that have produced over 50 tons of milk a head in their lifetime, and the British Friesian breed now claims forty cows that have given more than 2,000 galls. each in three separate milking periods. That does not sound like inefficiency in milk production. It is true that there are farmers using old appliances and old methods, but it is often the case that they have no money for new machinery. British agriculture has had ten lean years now, yet the interest taken by farmers in new manures and appliances is as live as ever.

LIMING A FIELD was always a difficult task until this machine was invented. Though mechanized farming makes for economic efficiency, it makes also for loneliness and unemployment

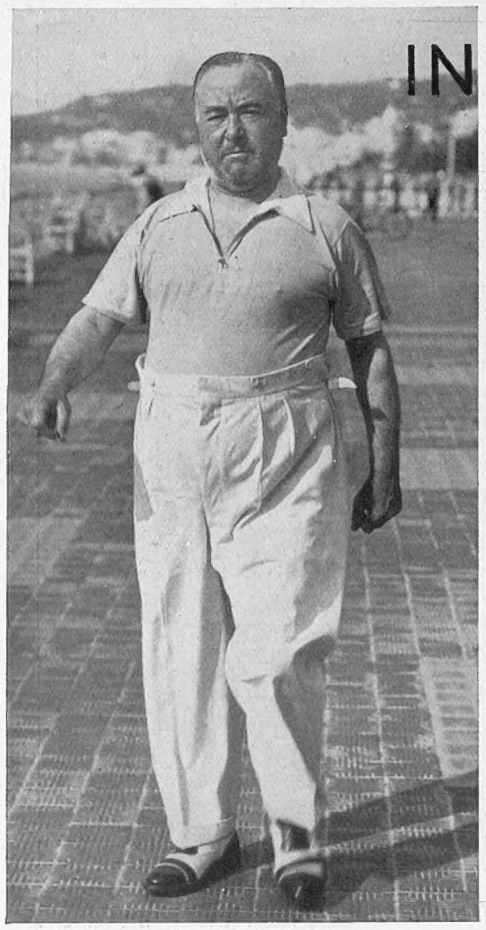
THE CONDITIONS OF THE HOP FIELDS have been totally changed for the better. System and efficiency have transformed the whole industry

There are bright spots in agriculture, and they may prove to be the forerunners of a new era. There are some dairy farmers doing well, and the good prices that are being paid for dairy stock show that they have confidence in the future. Last week, when a well-known Guernsey herd in Sussex was dispersed, calved heifers averaged £35 5s., calves 20 to 25 guineas, and cows up to 65 guineas, while Jersey cattle sold at Reading fetched up to nearly £40 a head. In the poultry and egg section of the industry prospects are brighter. If the Government will safeguard the industry against a glut of foreign eggs such as there was last year, there will be even greater development. Fruit crops have been short all through the year, but prices have been better, and the demand of the canneries has helped many farmers. The expansion of the British canning industry has been so rapid that some people are beginning to talk of the dangers of over-production. The following figures seem to provide the answer to this cry. We consume six times as much canned fruit as we did before the War. Last year 148,000 tons of *imported* canned fruit were eaten in Britain. Home production amounted to 25,000 tons, This year our production will be appreciably greater, but there is still room for a great expansion. This year they canned 1,600 acres of peas in Wisbech. Those British peas are richer in vitamins than orange juice. Canned spinach is the food richest in vitamin A, with the exception of cod liver oil. Canning is going to mean a great deal to agriculture in the next few years. One farmer in Kent told me a thing that I found very encouraging. He is experimenting in certain varieties of fruit and vegetables to find out which are the best for canning; at the same time he is selling tomatoes in the coast towns at lower prices than the Dutchmen.

It is very difficult to predict what the future holds for British agriculture. There has not been time as yet for the wheat quota to make itself felt. We shall know better as to its effects in another six months, as we shall about the new hop-marketing scheme. Fat stock prices are hopeless and show no signs of real improvement as yet. The Government would do well to direct its attention towards the plight of the home meat producer. These low prices are depressing the whole of the stock-market except some dairy stock. Canning and tariffs are helping the fruit and vegetable growers, and the poultry industry is improving. In the opinion of a farmer whose judgment I value very highly there will be a definite improvement in agriculture in about two years' time.

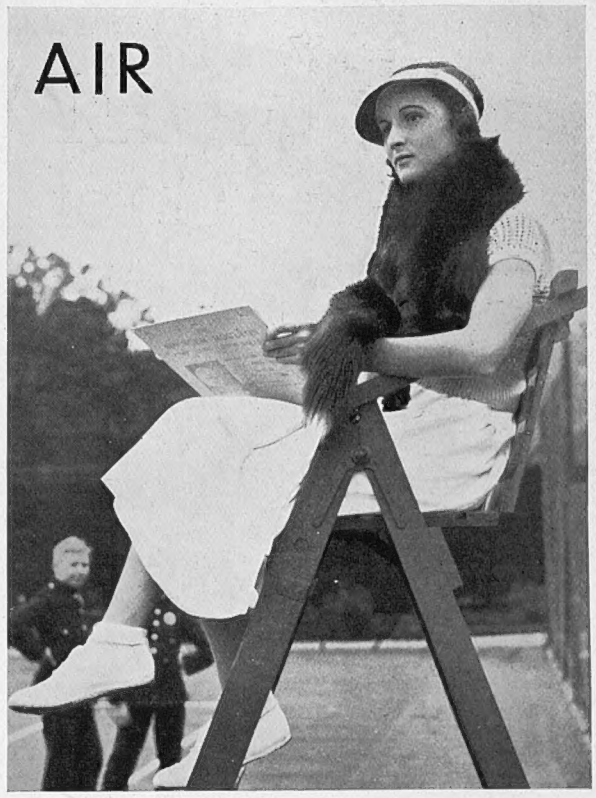
Last Sunday evening I turned aside from the roar and struggle of the Brighton road to sit for a while on the side of the down above Hurstpierpoint. Spread out below me was one of those utterly lovely sun-bathed pictures that can ever be only England. It was difficult to realize that these fields and stacks and farmyards were units in a stricken industry, till one remembered that British agriculture has been hard hit before. It was hard hit in the dark days at the close of the last century, but it recovered. It recovered because of its great heart and because those who work in it have love of the land deep in their hearts.

IN THE OPEN AIR

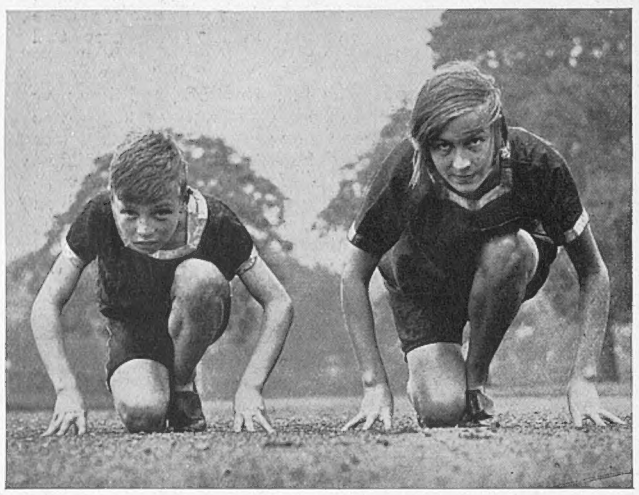


SANCHO PANZA: Mr. George Robey has grown a beard to play the Esquire to M. Chaliapin's Don Quixote, at Nice, the *locale* of the production

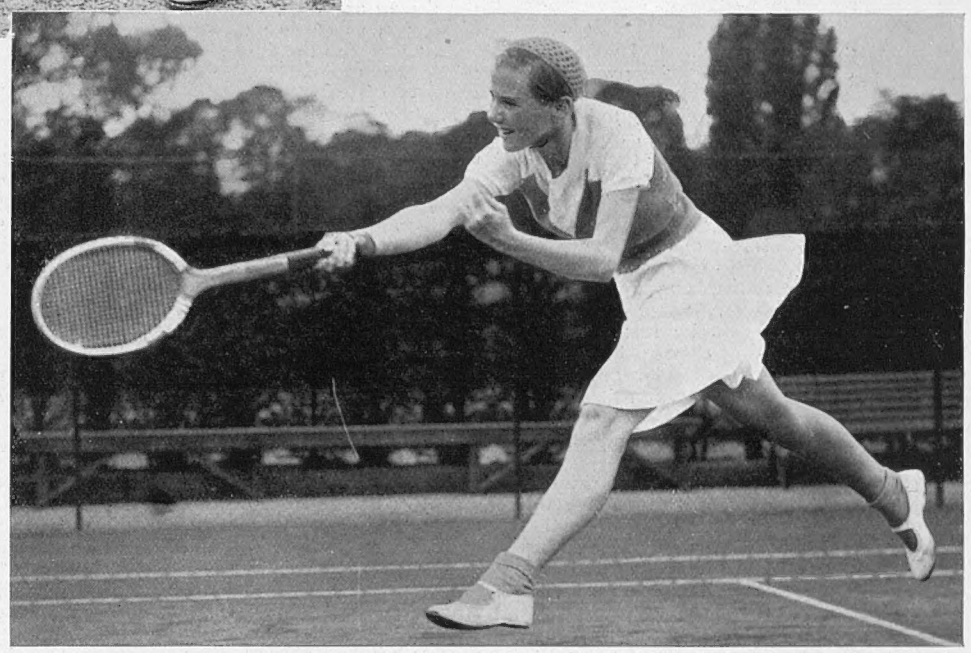
In centre MISS LILY ELSIE receives a lesson from Hobber, the North Berwick pro.



THE UMPIRE IN AN EYE-SHADE: Miss Ely holding the book at a match during the Junior Championships at Wimbledon. Furs were the order of the chilly day

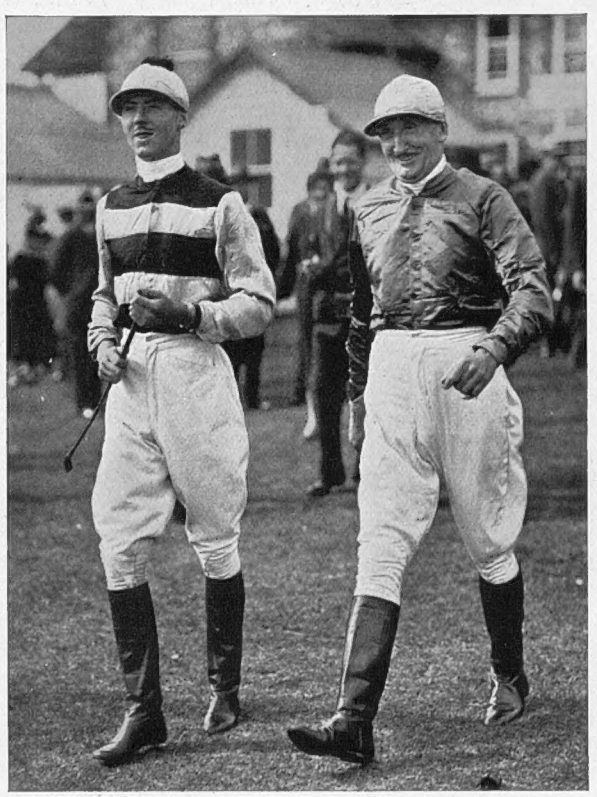


A RECORD-BREAKER AT 14: Miss Audrey Wade of the Tom Hood Central School, Leytonstone, who runs the 100 yards in $11\frac{2}{5}$th sec. She is seen above with Master Bert Hutchinson of Poplar who, at 11, has covered 80 yards in 10 sec. flat



A NEW TENNIS MODE: The bandeau and the eyeshade which displaced, under the auspices of Suzanne Lenglen and Helen Wills respectively, the fashions of earlier days, may yield to the knitted cap worn by Miss Betty Batt, one of the favourites for the Junior Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon

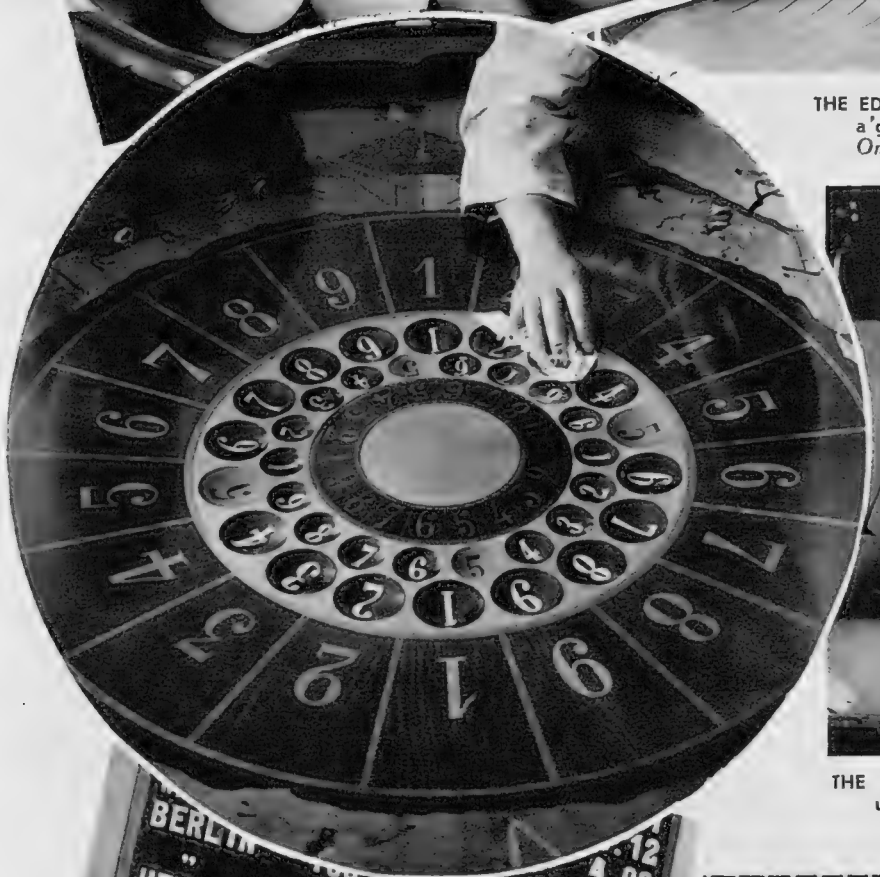
IN AIR FORCE BLUE relieving *café au lait* were the bridesmaids dressed at the wedding of Miss Jean Grant, the daughter of the managing director of the famous Sheffield firm of Thos. Firth and John Brown Ltd., and Flight-Lieut. W. A. D. Brook of the R.A.F. Staff College, Andover



FATHER AND SON: Mr. Tom Walls and his son who rode in an amateur race at Lewes. Mr. Walls rode Mr. S. Wootton's *Ballet Dancer* and finished fourth

BEHIND THE SCENES at a CASINO

THE EDITORIAL ROOM: While gambling proceeds in the rooms below, a clerk in a garret checks various "systems" published in the Casino paper every morning. *On left* are the ivory roulette balls which are cleaned with benzine every day



THE CRIMINAL DEPARTMENT OF THE CASINO: The counters are all placed under the quartz lamp. The forgery of *plaques* (a great danger) might break the bank. *In circle* the boule table is receiving its matutinal wash

THE RATES OF EXCHANGE are posted up for all to see. Fluctuations are reported every hour

CASTING ACCOUNTS: Mornings are busy times in a casino, and accountants are employed to check the gains of *cagnotte* and *zéro* to be offset against overheads

These pictures show what goes on behind the scenes of a casino—in this case that at Zoppot. Nowadays everybody is well acquainted with the "exciting" life in gambling rooms from novels, movies, newspaper articles, or personal experience. The happenings behind the scenes have been hitherto kept secret. It is the first time that journalists have been permitted by the casino management to report on the doings shown above.

b

THE WINNER OF A NOVEL COMPETITION: Fräulein Sybille Binder who, to raise funds for a new free school just outside Vienna, was the only competitor to give the exact number of kilometres registered on the car of a Minister

AUSTRIA'S WEALTHIEST WOMAN: Frau Kitty Shroeder, who presented £100,000 to the Government as her "mite" towards the National Debt. She expressed the hope that others, according to their means, would follow her example

A GLIMPSE OF OLD VIENNA: The bicentenary of the birth of Haydn, who, among many other works, composed the Austrian National Anthem, was celebrated in Vienna this year. The greatest ceremony in connection with the event was a performance in the Redoutensaal with the musicians in the costumes of the composer's period. The famous Gottesmann Quartette (Professor Hugo Gottesmann is on the left) is seen above

A STAR AT SEVENTEEN: Fräulein Heddy Kiesler, who is considered one of the most beautiful girls in mid-Europe. She was discovered by Reinhardt. As a minor, she may not accept the foreign contracts she has been offered without her parents' consent

FRÄULEIN MARIA KRAMER, the young actress of the Burg Theater, Vienna, whose career has been made by winning a beauty competition. As a result she received first an offer to film in Hollywood, and secondly an offer of marriage from one of the richest men in Austria

THESE WOMEN OF VIENNA

By ROLAND WILD

VIENNA.

They sit at the café and talk, famed women of Vienna. And because money is scarce, and you may sit at a café for an hour or more without sending for the waiter more than once, their conversation is not the vital, quick-fire prattle of women in other countries, but a slow, considered development of an argument, richly embellished with metaphor, well-turned, and witty.

Wherein lies their advantage over women of the Spanish cafés, women of the Paris boulevard cafés, women of Berlin? Their reputation grew somehow. They became the famous women of all the world for some reason. Let us examine their claims to pre-eminence as they sit round the little table on chairs which maintain Vienna's reputation for discomfort and hardness.

Most striking among this little company is the woman whose hands have never been seen. Never together, that is. Only, every half-hour or so, she will take off her glove from the right hand, will delve in her bag for mirror and powder-puff, and for a minute or so every eye in the café will turn on that hand, those pale long fingers, those perfectly manicured nails.

She has never been seen without gloves. It is said that when she sun-bathes, she wears gloves longer still to protect the slender forearm from a too-healthy brown. It is said that she wears gloves for her meals in her own house. It is said that—but then, many things are said in the cafés of Vienna.

Her hands, in black now after the little operation with powder-puff, wave slowly across the table as they emphasize a point, wave a denial, or flutter over a doubtful theory. Her hands are her fortune. But we think that they must be somewhat of a nuisance after a time.

On your left there is the woman whose beauty caused the traffic to diverge in the good old days of Vienna. They stood up on park seats to see her pass. They noted every detail of her clothes, every change in her companions, every gesture of her eyes and face.

Those days are over, both for her and for the present beauties of Vienna. The traffic diverges by not so much as a hair's breadth. The world passes on and will not even stand up for the sight of a young beauty. The woman now cooks in her own flat, shops for her kitchen, allows herself only the luxury of bridge at the café in the evening. Such are the days of crisis among the beauties, past and present, of Vienna.

I had written that they are languorous and lazy in their gestures, these women round the café table. But suddenly my words are denied, for there rises such a storm of conversation, such a fury of statement and denial, such a holocaust of words from every side, that one would think the party ready to break up in blows. To and fro goes the argument. The hands are busy now, waving and fluttering, even the black gloves agile for once. The faces approach closer to each other, and the table is rapped, as if in anger. What will happen? Should one attempt the dangerous rôle of peacemaker? Is a diversion called for, the dropping of a plate to distract attention, or the overturning of the table to provide a counter-sensation?

Then you catch a word here and there. The conversation, it appears, is about the correct time for dinner in London. The sentences expressed so vehemently across the little table are merely violent expressions of opinion on social custom. The invective was employed merely to stress a minor point. The hands fluttered and thumped on the table in fervent support of the dinner hour of half-past eight, in opposition to nine o'clock. The storm dies down. One black glove comes off, a perfectly powdered face is re-powdered. Peace reigns in the café. . . .

The woman on your right became engaged to her present husband at the age of sixteen; left him for a dark man during the engagement; came back; fled with a blonde man a fortnight after the wedding day; came back; journeyed to Berlin with a tall man; came back; flew to Paris with a short man; came back; presented her husband with twins, and lives happily ever after.

You would not guess it to look at her. She is the least excitable of this gay company. She looks at you with the eyes of placid interest, turns her eyes down, contemplates with satisfaction the left hind leg of the table, and expresses her opinion in a matter-of-fact voice that it is a fine day. You agree and the conversation is ended. The leg of the table engrosses her attention until the next free-for-all verbal tempest breaks out. They say she is an excellent housewife and mother and detests all kinds of travel.

(Continued on p. 400)

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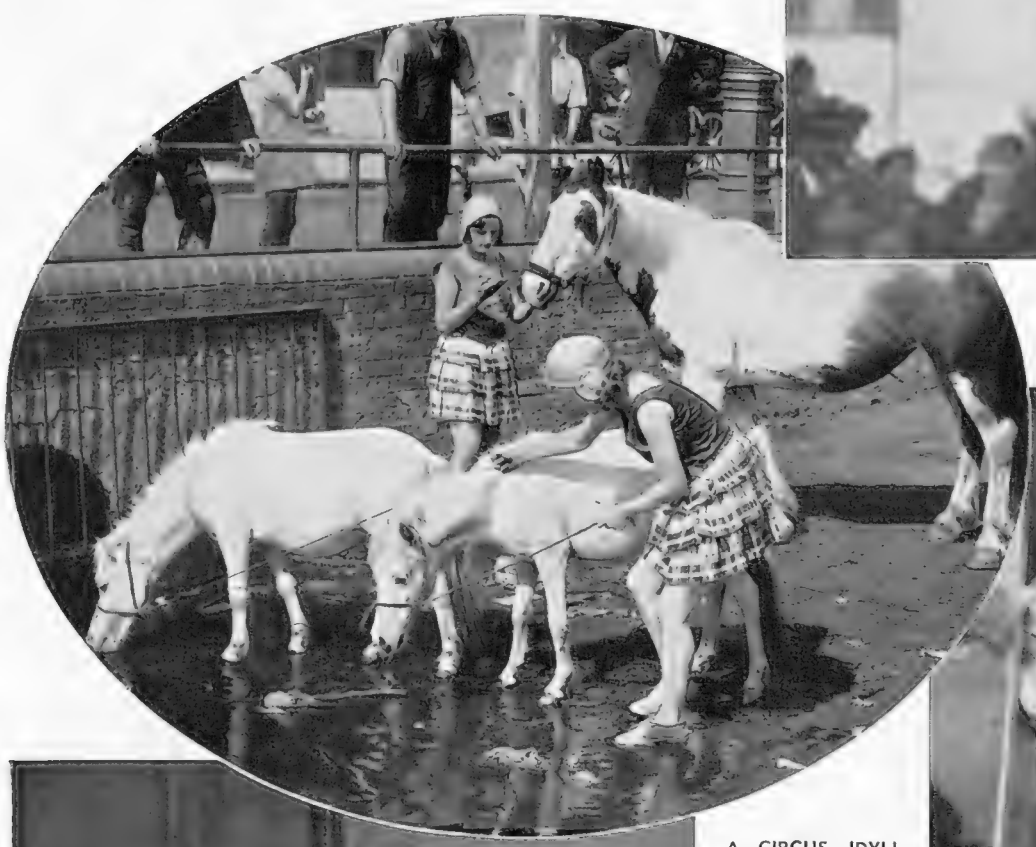
THE CIRCUS : In Geneva and Elsewhere

THE YOUNGEST OF THE TROUPE : The inhabitants of the sawdust ring form one great spiritual family and (in many cases) one great physical family, for in no other trade is it so usual for son (or daughter) to follow father (or mother)

THE LURE OF THE TRAVELLING CIRCUS : Expert with the rings and on the trapeze, this daughter of the sawdust ring surveys her audience upside down



A CIRCUS IDYLL OF THE HEAT WAVE : Circus artistes of Mitcham Fair take their fellow performers for a cooler in the water

THE HUMAN ARCH : One is born to this type of topsy-turvy life in the ring, and the tricks, which in all their antiquity ever succeed in giving the impression of novelty, never fail to appeal

"CRIBBED, CABINED, AND CONFINED" : Circus girls of the Sarrasani Circus, a famous German travelling troupe, in one of the specially designed circus sleeping-cars where quarters are cramped

THE PSYCHOLO THE PLE

The Joys of Lazing at Sea with the World make the Best of them, together with a the Adriatic Coast and their Reactions

By CHARLES

DEPARTURE: One of the great cruising liners leaving the quayside. Multi-coloured streamers tether with slender threads the vessel to the shore, for leave-takings on such a trip have no atmosphere of permanence

It is an old superstition that if you make a wish the first time you bathe in the Adriatic you will have it granted. My wish this week was that I should have the intelligence always to take my holidays in future on a pleasure cruise. Two or three months ago I wrote an article in THE SPHERE about the origin and history of cruising. Never having been on a cruise myself, I had to ask people who had done so all about it. Each was so enthusiastic that I took their unanimous advice, and here I am on a 17,000-ton ship sliding smoothly through the blue waters of the Adriatic to the Dardanelles and back by way of Athens, Rhodes, Crete, and Ragusa. In the three weeks we shall have put in at eleven different beauty spots none of which I have ever seen before.

Already, though we have been at sea for less than a week, I am beginning to understand the psychology of cruising. There is no doubt about it, it is an art, like ordering a good dinner. There are so many do's and don'ts which appear in no text-book but which can make a great difference to one's enjoyment. Some are subtle, some are less so. If you are a girl you want to hold up at least two of your smartest frocks until the last few days of the voyage. By that time everyone else will have exhausted her wardrobe, and when they are all tired of each other's dresses you can go in and win. Another point is about the caution with which you should make acquaintances. Without being too English and reserved it is easy to fall into the clutches of the ship's bore before you realize that his stock of superficially amusing stories is limited. On the other hand, of course, if you hold your hand too long the various members of the cruise may have formed themselves into sets and you will be out in the cold.

What seems to me to be particularly intelligent on the part of the management of this particular cruise is the rule that nobody may reserve deck chairs. On the first evening the cruise managers went round taking visiting cards off 200 of them. This prevents too much clique-formation, if I may coin the word. To what extent on other cruises one is compelled to take part in deck games, like quoits, tennis, and shuffleboard, I do not know. On this one there is none at all—possibly because it is so deliciously hot that nobody wants to do anything but bask and bathe in the swimming pool, and doze and flirt and eat by way of contrast.

The swimming pool is, of course, an essential ingredient of a cruise, and it is impossible to picture the joy of the foreknowledge when you go to bed at night that next morning you need only put on a bathing dress when you wake up, in which—probably—you will breakfast too. Even when you change out of that into a singlet and flannels, the business of dressing is so pleasantly simple and speedy, the average man has normally to button up between twelve and twenty buttons each time he dresses. Few women realize this, I think, and it is one of the advantages of a cruise in hot countries that a man can step into his clothes like a woman and without any of the nuisance of make-up.

On a cruise one feels that the rest of the world can go hang. In fact, one does not think of the outside world as one knows it at all. Montenegrins and Serbs, strange peasants, and queer scenes which seem to justify the most Ruritanian musical comedy do not seem to link up with the world of Bond Street and Liverpool at all. Every day on the notice board they pin up the wireless news of the world. Do I read it? I do not. My tailor, my income-tax gatherer, my various creditors slide easily out of recollection. It seems almost fantastic, as I sit here in a red and white Serbian jersey, that I have ever had or will ever have any obligations or responsibilities, except to the colour of my skin and to the general lotus life which a cruise induces so easily.

As I write, with a bottle of excellently cool Jugoslav beer at my elbow, and the deep blue of the Adriatic Sea stretching towards distant romantic islands, the very names of which I shall never know, it seems unbelievable that there are such things as house-books and taxicab meters. An elderly don nearby is sipping the first John Collins he has ever tasted. You can see in his clever old face the realization dawning that he has probably missed many other good things in life.

But I am digressing from the psychology of the cruise.

Other things I have discovered is the foolishness of playing bridge. After all one can do that at home. On a pleasure cruise it is a waste of time and a thorn in the flesh, particularly if you go down four tricks doubled and vulnerable. Even book-reading is out of place. That again is a thing one can do at home. No, the fun of a cruise is that you have no responsibilities, that you are meeting new people, making fresh acquaintances. Without embroiling oneself in heated arguments, one can discuss other people's interests lazily, getting under their skin, seeing how their minds work, discovering their outlook on life without any effort. People will tell you things on a cruise that they would never dream of telling you in Warwickshire or Portman Square or Wimbledon. It is the best possible post-university education. One discovers that one's own particular set of friends and mode of existence at home are even more unimportant than one guessed them to be already. It is possible to appreciate the intellectuality of ambassadors, the gaiety of bishops, the humanity of schoolmasters, the sense of humour of electrical engineers, and even the underlying raffishness of architects when you get them talking in a deck chair with the sun on the sea and the horizon stretched limitlessly ahead.

For passengers on a cruise are a nautical house party without a hostess, unless the cruise managers should be described as such, and it is extraordinarily interesting to see how they react to their unusual surroundings and to one another. Some come out of their shell with almost precocious speed. Others thaw more slowly, to change the metaphor. What is so extraordinary is that one's own snap judgments can so often be wrong. Just as you may think at first that an archdeacon is a good sport and then find him a dull dog or a gossip, so you may discover that the bold widow who seemed so assertive is really a very charming woman.

It is also amusing to see how much people improve in looks as a cruise continues. They come on board flabby-cheeked and soggy-eyed. In a few days they are transformed. Besides, unless a woman has a really magnolia-like skin, a tan will improve her appearance immensely, and we know that all handsome men are slightly sunburnt.

The art of enjoying a cruise demands, if possible, a complete relaxation. Few men and not many women find this possible on an ordinary holiday. On a cruise it is not so difficult, though for normally energetic people it still needs application to achieve. When one goes ashore it is a nice point whether to join the rest of the party or to go off on one's own. Personally, I favour the latter course.

It is quite true that all friction is removed for you as far as guides and tips are concerned if you let your herd instinct win the day. But somehow it seems much more fun to go exploring on your own—up oddly-smelling side streets into garrulous market places and colourful taverns and cafés. It all depends, really, on whether you think people or buildings are more interesting. I prefer people. But then, unless you have trained yourself to see their peculiarities it is probably better to have your "tuppence-coloured" of the local cathedral, which at least you can tell your friends you have seen when you come back. It

A GLORY OF SPLIT: Porte Argentea, "stately pleasure dome" the Emperor inextricably built into this palace, are integral parts of

THE MORNING PLUNGE is one of the cardinal pleasures of a cruise, as are the afternoon dip and the evening bathe!

GY OF ASURE CRUISE

Drifting by and the Hints to be Followed to Description of the Romantic Spots Visited on on Various Types of Traveller

GRAVES

DRESS ON THE VOYAGE is by no means stilted or formal. The minimum of clothes and the simplest of such garb as is worn are the keynotes of both comfort and the mode on a modern pleasure cruise

is also a question of "mixing." And "mixing" when you land is an essential ingredient to your enjoyment of a cruise, or so it seems to me. In Cettinje, the old capital of Montenegro, where everybody carries a knife or a bayonet, I managed to meet four out of the twelve Montenegrins who had been to America and returned. One, who was concessionnaire for the local cabs, gave me his card and told me that he was the representative of the Yacht Squadron, Cowes. Another had been a gold miner. A third had been too hot even for Chicago and had to come back in a hurry. The fourth had been a waiter at the Knickerbocker in New York. I have kept notes of all their conversations, and I swear they are more entertaining than a description of the local chapel. To prove my point, and although it is admittedly a bit of a cad's trick, I am going to quote the diary of some nameless fellow passenger which is lying invitingly open beside me. The author, after a brief description of the journey out to Venice where we embarked, continues:

enshrining a minute portion of the Diocletian decreed. The entire city is many of the stones and columns of which modern buildings

"We landed at Split and walked about the town for a couple of hours and then returned to the ship and tried to cool down. At Split we saw the round cathedral and square with the figure of a saint.

"Next day, we steamed down the Dalmatian coast which was steep and mountainous. We landed at Kotor, proceeded in a car up a steep slope with several bends to Cettinje, the capital of Montenegro. We lunched altogether in a hotel. It was an unattractive place and we soon left and drove back to Kotor, which we wandered round and found very unusual with narrow streets and a well-kept Roman Catholic Cathedral. We then went back to the ship in a launch. Heat very great, but we are a trifle acclimatized."

Well, there you are. Now let me tell you about Split and Kotor—or Spalato and Cattaro as they used to be called. Instead of walking round in a herd with the ship's guide we cut adrift. Split is a hot, quaint town with red roofs, white walls, and green windows. Its inhabitants seem to do no work. They all go out to the bathing place, and, my word, they are handsome. The girls have figures like Diana, the men are sunburnt Apollos. They swim like South Sea Islanders, and when a mixed party of us asked for an undressing-room the man at the desk calmly gave us one single cabin. At the end of the wooden jetty a youth in a blue slip shaved a client who was similarly clad. Several of the young Jugoslavs showed off for our benefit, and one of them seeing our white skins handed us a copy of the *South Slav Herald*. This is in English and must certainly be edited by an old Fleet man.

There was a long account of a football match between the top teams of the Jugoslav league. Ivan Moshevitch was the hero of the day. "Playing inside left, Ivan netted two goals, initiated each of the other successful movements culminating in goals and, in addition, worked tirelessly for the defence." The writer went on to say that so keen was the interest that, in addition to the large numbers of dinars (the local coin) changing hands, several other bets were contracted. One patriarch was compelled to shave his long and shaggy beard. Another had to jump into the sea fully clothed. Yes, they take their football seriously on the Dalmatian coast.

Split itself is chiefly famous for being the site of the palace built by the Emperor Diocletian when he retired. So vast are its magnificent ruins that a large section of the town is built into the still-standing pillars and balustrades. Its architecture isremarkable for making Canterbury Cathedral and Westminster Abbey possible. It is the first example in the West of the combination of Corinthian arches and columns. Up above the town is the deer park. As we drove up we passed a number of brown-cowled Franciscan monks carrying white towels and blue slips. They were going for a bathe. Other clear-cut impressions are Jugoslav soldiers in olive-grey fezes; a coffin with a golden eagle surmounting it at the head of a funeral procession; the Jugoslav Fleet consisting of six rackety torpedo-boats and two elderly destroyers; strong, clean smells combining carbolic, iodoform, and green water-melons; a magnificent example of Phœnician architecture at No. 3, Rimska Street; a copy of Sinclair Lewis's *Novo*, translated into Jugoslav; innumerable picture postcards of Marlene Dietrich in a tiny shop overlooking Diocletian's atrium; a canon in a solar topee and a long white beard; a party of four Serbs playing a kind of Jugoslav Rockaway; the narrow gullies cut between the houses to form the streets; Mestrovic's 50-ft. statue of some Slavonic bishop, which caused Dean Inge to observe, "Non angeli sed anguli," as he gazed at its monstrous black virility; two youths in white shirts with black scarves aud pink berets listening with great interest to the lecturer as they sat on one of the sphinxes which are all that is left of Diocletian's treasures so carefully amassed; the driver of the four-wheel cab who tried to charge us 100 dinars (10s.) for waiting half-an-hour, though he only wanted twenty for driving us two miles; and finally, the row of green, olive, pink, and grey fishing boats drawn up by the quay with baskets of water-melons, mealies, tomatoes, carrots, suspended by ropes to form their shop windows. Split, as a matter of fact, has been quite surpassed by Kotor, Cettinje, and Corfu, and will no doubt recede further into the background after Rhodes, Crete, and Ragusa, not to mention Athens and Constantinople.

SHOREWARD BOUND: One is landed in a herd, but once on *terra firma* one may at will ramble alone or sight-see *en masse*

To reach Kotor the ship glides through one of the most admirable fiords—if one can transplant the word from Norway—that it is possible to imagine. Several miles long, it is in places not very much wider than the Rhine. Once upon a time it was the home of the most venomous bands of corsairs in history. They called themselves the Uzkoks, and came from all parts of the Levant and elsewhere. When finally crushed by the Venetians, three hundred years ago, it was discovered that the three leaders were all named Elliot, roaming members of the Border family of which Lord Minto is the titular head. It is hard to know from which side of the ship to gaze—each view is so lovely. Blank white houses, perched on the very edge of the water, with the steep, olive-coloured hills rising straight behind, and no sign of life anywhere; the bright blue surface of the water, the green of the scrubby little larches and stunted oaks; if you saw them on a Hollywood super film you would swear that it was all a most disgraceful fake, so much like a painted backcloth does it appear. The chief effect it gives is one of utter motionlessness. The water barely ripples as we pass. There is not a breath of air except the breeze made by the ship cruising steadily forward at ten knots. But how easily to visualize a fat Venetian trader sailing placidly along, when suddenly a murderous fleet of small, painted, pointed galleys comes shooting out from round the corner. The Uzkoks! The galleon crams on sail. But it is no good. Swarthy cut-throats, with blue and white handkerchiefs knotted round their heads and wicked-looking knives in their sunburnt hands, swarm aboard. In a moment the deck is a shambles, the galleon is scuttled, and half an hour later the fiord is as empty and motionless again as it was when we passed by three hundred years later with a crack Viennese orchestra playing the latest foxtrot. Just a few bubbles of blood maybe. But that would have been all.

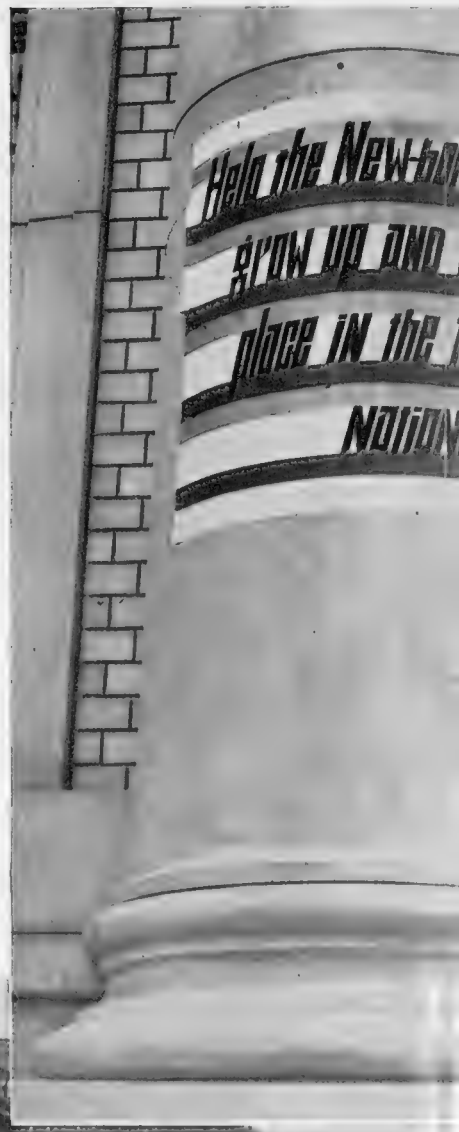
And so you come to Kotor at the head of the rocky, lovely, cruel fiord. But I have not space to describe

(Continued on p. 400)

THE NEW "REPUBLIC"

Nominally an Autonom
Manchuria, now Renamed
Effect a Japanes

NEWS OF THE NEW STATE: Chinese eagerly reading of the creation of the newly-established republic of Manchukuo with its capital located at Chang Chun



THE PALACE: The building formerly housing the Chinese Salt Administration and now the residence of the last of the Manchus—Pu Yi, rightful heir to the Chinese Empire but now, under Japanese auspices, chief executive of the new State

TESTIMONY OF PROGRESS: A typical example at Dairen of the chain of hotels run by the South Manchurian Railway—a Japanese-owned organization which has been authorized by the Korean Government to construct at Rashin (between Dairen and Vladivostock) a new port

THE ARMED STRENGTH of Japan is quite perceptible in the new State which may well prove a bulwark for Asia against the disruptive influence of Soviet Russia which has already assisted in the transformation of China

Manchukuo, the new Republic of the Orient, nominally autonomous under the leadership of Pu Yi, last of the Manchus, but in reality based solely

OF THE FAR EAST

nomous Republic,
ed Manchukuo, is in
nese State

PICTORIAL NEWS: A coloured poster in picts two Manchu maidens watering State, following upon the war may founder, for Manchukuo announcing the creation of the new Japanese-fostered republic. It de- the new soil while the old regime is being thrown out. The question of this new which Geneva proved impotent to arrest, may yet prove a rock on which the League Japan threatens to withdraw unless Manchukuo is recognized

THE MAIN STREET OF A NEW CAPITAL
A vista in Chang Chun which now has a population of 100,000, but is expected to increase tenfold within ten years. *Inset* is one of the posters which plastered Harbin when the League Commission first appeared in China. Similar literature was placarded on every wall in the territory covered by the Commission

upon the bayonets and gold of Japan, may yet prove a *casus belli* between the two yellow races. Negotiations for a Treaty of Defence with Japan have been initiated by the new State, which well knows on which side its bread is buttered, the effect of which, if concluded, would give Japan full military control of the wealthy province of Manchuria. Japanese plans for the control of the civil administration have already been disclosed. China still claims sovereignty over the territory, but Japan is tenacious of the power she has acquired.

As we go to press, a report has come through that fighting between Chinese irregulars and Japanese troops has already broken out in the neighbourhood of Mukden, the former capital now deposed from its eminence in favour of Chang Chun.

Other recent news from Manchukuo is largely concerned with the creation of the proposed new port at Rashin, which is nearer to Japan than either the Russian port of Vladivostock or Port Dairen. The construction of such a base may well promote the opening up of the great resources of Manchuria to Japanese trade as well as providing a dominant naval base for Japanese warships. It is hoped to make the new port usable within two years, although it will not be completed within fifteen. The South Manchurian Railway has been entrusted with the construction

THE DEPOSED GOVERNOR OF MANCHURIA: Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang who is to enter (at the age of 31) as an undergraduate at one of the two great English Universities

G.H.Q.: The headquarters of the Manchukuo Republic in Chang Chun, a State nominally set up by the Manchus with Japanese assistance actually inaugurated by Japan, which, with characteristic shrewd ness, has installed Pu Yi as chief executive

WELL PROTECTED: The "palace" of Pu Yi, rightful Emperor of China, whose realm, now curtailed to the new republic of Manchukuo, is maintained almost solely on Japanese bayonets. The "palace" is surrounded by high walls, which afford the chief executive of the new State ample protection against the many Chinese elements hostile to the Nippon-organized Government

"A KICK-UP AT A HAZARD-TABLE": A vivid print, drawn by Rowlandson (in the vein of the H. M. Bateman of his day), which hung, until recently, in the Cocoa-Tree Club. Ever a gambling club, it attracted to its Tory—even Jacobite—portals even such diehard Whigs as Byron and Fox, the latter of whom lost thousands in a night of play

"A FAMILY GROUP" framed, glazed, and ready to be hung up at Brookes's—a print showing Lord Ebrington, Daniel O'Connell, and Lord Duncannon, which used to hang in the Cocoa-Tree

ELOQUENT RELICS: Hazard counters and dice-boxes of the once famous gambling club in which Byron was nearly "called out" for his quip to a member who remarked he had lost his wife. "At quinte or hazard?"—enquired the poet. With other relics these will be sold at Sotheby's next month

THE COCOA-TREE: The famous iron pillar which was introduced by the architect, running from cellar to roof, to carry the joists for floors and ceiling. It represents a palm—not a cocoa-tree. One leaf masked a trap down which cards and counters could be shot when the club was raided

THE LAST of a FAMOUS CLUB

Of all the London clubs there are few that can compare in historic interest with the late Cocoa-Tree in St. James's Street.

During the last two years many well-known London clubs have been experiencing "lean" times, and the Cocoa-Tree began to find its general expenses too high, with the result that unfortunately it has had to close its doors. The furniture was sold last week, and the prints and smaller articles are to be disposed of at Sotheby's in October.

This famous old club was founded as far back as the year 1746, and was once the Jacobite headquarters in London, with a secret tunnel constructed under St. James's Street through to a tavern in Piccadilly. As the Jacobite cause died out, the political function of the club disappeared, and latterly it has been the haunt chiefly of travellers and naval and military men, to whom its untrammelled freedom and historic quarters appealed. The famous tunnel leading under St. James's Street still exists, but a pile was driven through it some years ago when a building on the other side of St. James's Street was being erected, and it is now blocked.

The Cocoa-Tree was the favourite club of Lord Byron, whose old settee was still to be found in a corner of the smoking-room prior to the club closing down. It is recorded that on two occasions the poet among the lords and the lord among the poets fell over the balusters on to the sword table. An iron rail, about a foot high, was therefore fixed on to the hand-rail to prevent further falls.

Amongst the many points worthy of note is the iron tube about 1 ft. in diameter which runs through the building from cellar to roof. It was obviously an architect's device to carry the joists for the floors and ceilings. The tube is covered with carved wooden leaves which in reality are palm leaves, although the tree has always been called the cocoa-tree. It is a hollow structure and, years ago, during the days of the Bow Street runners, who were seeking an entrance to the club for the purpose of discovering unlawful card games, a certain leaf could be removed enabling members—who had previously received warning — to drop cards and counters into the cellar.

On these occasions the club servant was often arrested for resisting the law, but the runners would only discover a number of members sitting down busily doing nothing. When the room, however, was again cleared, cards and counters were put back into use and the game continued. When a servant was arrested, his dependants were well provided for during his absence and he was handsomely rewarded by the members concerned—his position also being kept open for him until his return.

Many duels were fought in the club until Wills, the proprietor at that time, made members leave their arms downstairs on the hall table.

No. 64, St. James's Street, where the club was situated, was built as Will's Cocoa House about the year 1700, in place of the still older Will's Cocoa House in the City. It actually became a club about forty-eight years after White's, the oldest club in existence. Unlike White's, however, it has occupied the same premises ever since, and there is a perennial argument in existence as to which is the older of these two clubs.

Prince Charlie was a frequent visitor to the club, and it is recorded that here Lord Bute formed the Ministerial Club which ruled England—at least, it made the then Prince of Wales Regent.

Again, Thomas Moore, Addison, Sir John Fielding, Gibbon, Fox, and the Prince of Wales were all regular members in their time.

There was a small interval in the history of this club, which occurred between the years 1845 and 1853. During this time it became the auction room of the well-known Mr. James Christie until 1853. In the old days the club was a stronghold of the Tories, and a gambling house of high standing; in one night alone the stakes amounted to over £180,000.

F. G. B.

GORILLAS AT THE ZOO

By SILVIA BAKER

Twenty years ago the Zoo exhibited two or three young gorillas, but as the only specimens ever offered on the market at that time were young babies, which invariably arrived in this country suffering from the effects of sea-sickness, in every way delicate and difficult to rear, the authorities came to the conclusion that it was unwise, if not positively cruel, to buy any more of them. This policy was persisted in until a week or two ago.

When, however, the secretary was approached and given the opportunity of buying (for an immense sum) the pair known as Mo-Koundje and Moina Moassa, aged seven and eight years respectively, it was considered, owing to their relatively advanced years, a comparatively safe proposition. Dr. Vevers, the superintendent of the Zoo went to Bordeaux to inspect the animals. He found them perfectly healthy, and the fact that although they had been for two years in captivity in Africa yet had been given food obtainable in Europe, made their subsequent upbringing less of a problem than had been feared. £1,200 was paid for them and they were packed up forthwith. They stood the journey remarkably well, and settled down immediately on arrival, playing games together as if they had known the Zoo for years.

Shelley, their keeper, who has had considerable success in dealing with anthropoid apes (he trained the performers of the famous Chimps' tea-party) was given instructions to continue the menu to which they had been accustomed. As the superintendent read out to him the items of the diet laid down by the apes' late mistress, which included chicken broth, fish, raw eggs, grapes, bread and butter, various fruit and cucumbers —Shelley gasped and said, "What about the wine-list?"

The two apes exhibit peaceful apathy rather than greed at dinner-time as the cornucopia of fruit is warily spilled through a crack in the sliding door of their cage. They are apt, however, to have violent rows over milk, which they like to drink from a tea-pot spout.

The chief difficulty in rearing gorillas has always been to give them sufficient companionship and to keep them constantly amused. The famous John Daniel, it will be remembered, was invariably in the company either of his mistress, Miss Cunningham, or else his keeper. He used to come daily to the Zoo in a taxi, and was placed on exhibition in the Lion House. Mok and Moina, of course, are sufficiently content to be together, but the keepers say they hear them whine when at five o'clock they are put to bed, deserted by their human friends, and their house is locked up for the night.

John Daniel was more intelligent than either Mok or Maina, in the opinion of the Zoo authorities, but he, of course, was accustomed to being handled. Moina, the older and bigger of the two gorillas, is too powerful to admit of any keeper entering her cage, but it is hoped that in time Mok will become quite tame and friendly, and to this end a separate partition is to be erected, in which occasionally to entice him, where he may play with his keeper.

At present the pair are rather handsome in a negroid manner, their eyes excessively brilliant, and the expression agreeable, but when the frontal ridges develop as they approach maturity, their expression is bound to become hideous and frightful. Originating from the plains as they do, their coats are not so thick and hairy as those of the gorillas which come from the cooler mountain regions.

They are accustomed to indulge in tremendous wrestling bouts, leaping over the low partitions, chasing one another, and occasionally beating their breasts in the traditional manner. By their antics they delight the house which is nearly always packed with admirers, saying, "How could that lady bear to part with them?"

Their present quarters resemble the old Zoo ape-house, which was pulled down several years ago, in that a glass partition is placed between them and the public. A controversy rages concerning the principle of this precaution. One school of thought affirms that it is a mistake, since although they are protected from germs (they are, of course, liable to catch the colds of their admirers), they are nevertheless screened away from their human friends, who can occasionally amuse and in some measure console the poor creatures for their captivity.

MO-KOUNDJE AND MOINA MOASSA, the half-grown gorillas, aged seven and eight, who delight the visitors to the Zoo. They are the first young gorillas the Zoo has owned for twenty years

SOON TO BE CIVILIZED: It is hoped that the two gorillas will soon become sufficiently tame to join in the now famous chimpanzee tea parties

PLEASANT DREAMS: Bo-bo, one of the famous chimpanzees at the Zoo, sun-bathes in an attitude which apparently does not interfere with his siesta

PLAYS OF EARLY AUTUMN

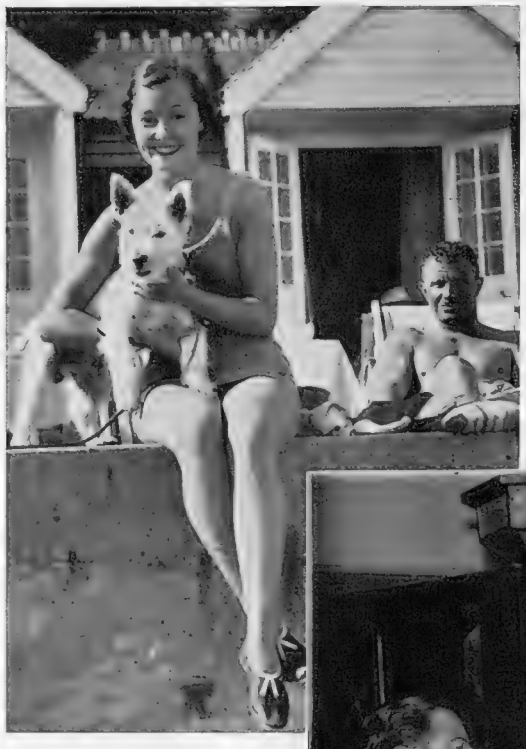
Miss Violet Loraine, who did not reach her height of stardom without a good deal of battling, has shown that a spell of retirement has not allowed her fighting spirit to dwindle.

She still believes in the motto, "dogged does it." Having been defeated in the first round with *Fanfare* (though that was in no sense a personal defeat) she has picked that poor thing out of the gutter in Soho, wiped the mud off it, given it a stiff drink and a clean collar, and carted it to the Alhambra for a fresh lease of life under the title *Over the Page*. I see no reason why that new lease of life should not be a pleasantly long one.

The chief fault in *Fanfare* was, as I was not alone in pointing out at the time, an incredibly feeble book. Much of this has been scrapped, though as the curtain rises we are now shown an actor pretending to be the author of the revue at a loss for new ideas. That situation was surely sufficiently evident without having a scene written and acted for the purpose of rubbing it in. Besides, the important thing in any entertainment is not the process of gestation but that there *should* be new and good ideas; in the author's personal quandaries no audience can be expected to be interested.

Why the revue should open like this, and why there should be retained a tedious sketch with the distinction between a B.A. and a B.F. as its unfunny climax are things that are quite over this Page.

In most other respects the show is really a good one. Miss Loraine sings her famous song, "Let the Great Big World," with the sure knowledge that the public is faithful to the old stuff, be it "Bing Boys" or Beethoven, for Beethoven was at his best here.



MISS WINIFRED SHOTTER, who rose to fame as the heroine of the "Aldwych Stock Company" and has recently made a startling success in *The Love Contract* on the screen, caught in holiday mood at Branksome, with "Snookie"

Her radiant vitality is a supreme asset; yet I liked her best for the quiet way she made her points in an amusing King and Queen duet with Mr. George Gee. Mr. Gee is the success of the newcomers; he can dance, put a song over, and play in a sketch without any apparent effort. Mr. Billy Merson has been given poor material, and the night I saw the performance seemed depressed by the fact and considerably below his old form. But I believe "The Spaniard that Blighted my Life" would do the trick. If some old songs can be revived, why not others? The journey from Old Compton Street to Leicester Square appears to have left June even blonder. She is no less graceful, but hardly as sprightly as of yore.

Mr. Reginald Gardiner, whom I had hitherto seen only as the portrayer of facetious young men in light comedies, has suddenly come to the fore as a brilliant single turn. Non-stop variety has now, probably, its agent-like eye on him. But I hope his absence from the legitimate stage will not be continuous.

My profound admiration for Mr. Charles Laughton as an actor prompted a visit to the Carlton Theatre for the purpose of making his acquaintance as a film-star. The presence in the same company of Miss Tallulah Bankhead, before whose beauty and brains, whether on stage or screen, I become unashamedly fanatical, made this a pious pilgrimage as well as a *voyage de curiosité*. Miss Bankhead's contribution to the film, *Devil and the Deep*, contains no single mistake and may be left at that.

Mr. Laughton is hardly so irresistible, but as a study is no less interesting. Herr Emil Jannings has shown us that the screen can boast of a superb actor, and also that rather offensive young men with wavy hair, tiny moustaches, and huge incomes no longer take the centre of the picture and may not even be necessary to it at all.

We shall not know for some time whether Mr. Laughton is another Jannings, though we know his great gifts. But he is pursued by some Sadist fate which miscasts him save when he has to play a Sadist, an exponent of oily guile, a drunken Russian *et hoc genus omne*. I have seen him as Mr. Pickwick—an arresting portrait in that one expected this Mr. Pickwick at any moment to be arrested, and then to pick the wings off flies in his prison cell. I have seen him as a bluff British general in a military farce—and I really cannot describe what he was like except that he no more resembled a British general than the prophet Ezekiel.

I have now seen him, in this film, as the commander of a submarine. Now, there are scores of naval officers who are not the bluff, hearty folk stage and screen convention are apt to make them. But I will bet all the submarines in the world to a toy boat on the Round Pond that no naval officer was ever like Mr. Laughton. Again, the casting has been unfortunate.

Here is a grim, rather crude but not ineffective, story of an officer who goes mad with jealousy because of the heartlessness of his lovely wife; so mad, in fact, that he wrecks the submarine intentionally and himself perishes in the disaster.

Mr. Laughton's performance as a jealous madman is magnificent, terrifying. But a non-naval setting would have been better. The culminating point in this very ancient plot—the disaster—could easily have been switched to dry land. That, indeed, would have made the opulence of the Paramount Company's decorative details less absurd. I have never visited a submarine station on a remote part of the African coast. Can it be that all the gorgeousness of Hollywood, in the way of antique furniture and Paris gowns can really be found there?

The most uproarious of all uproarious farces, *The Night of*

THE GALSWORTHY SEASON: Mr. Oliver Raphael as the virtuous but annoying Jew and Mr. Colin Clive as the charming but dishonest Christian with Miss Maisie Darrell, who also proves a tower of acting strength in the revival of *Loyalties* at the Garrick Theatre

Inset in oval: SYMPATHY—Miss Marie Tempes in *To-morrow Will Be Friday*, the new situation lies in the fact that Miss Johnsor fallen in love with the adventurer who ha of her jewels an

"Over the Page" Turns Over a New Leaf for "Fanfare": The Strand Farce Proves that Imbecility can be Extremely Amusing: The Winter Garden Revue Bids Fair to be a Success: And Mr. Charles Laughton on the Films

By PHILIP PAGE

the Garter, concludes with Mr. Sydney Howard, in pink pyjamas, retiring for the night on a couch in the hall of the haunted house where he is engaged as a butler, comforted with a candle, a bottle of champagne, and a book from which he reads aloud, as the curtain falls, that "the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle . . ."

Could the mathematical mind of Euclid have unravelled these complicated funniments at the Strand Theatre? I could find no reason in them, nor did I wish to. Perhaps the absurdity seems a bit too loose at times, and it certainly is apt to run to mere noise. Yet on the whole this farce, which with no little skill Mr. Austin Melford has founded on a play by the late Avery Hopwood, justifies itself, and makes one laugh hugely.

I doubt whether there has ever been a sillier piece. We seem to be given no clue as to why a diamond garter with a man's portrait on it was lost by a bride on her wedding night; why the married couple came to an empty house; why two other married couples were wandering about there. For reasons equally non-existent, the author walked across the stage with a waste-paper basket on his head, and a horse's blinkers on his—well, where blinkers are not necessary.

The second act took place in a two-storeyed barn with a four-wheeler on the first floor (how did it get there?) and a motor-car on the ground floor, nearly the whole cast conscientiously climbing in and out of these vehicles when they were not removing their underwear or hiding in a bundle of hay.

Mr. Howard provided most of the fun, partly by being quiet. Since the rest of the cast were probably under instructions to be as noisy as possible as a foil to him, it is hardly fair to blame them. But of the ladies (apart from the inimitable Miss Connie Ediss) only Miss Marjorie Brooks showed that asset vitally necessary in farce, a sense of timing. To see this slinky blonde—the description is intended to be complimentary—taking a situation in hand was refreshing after so much restless din.

Mr. Howard has never been better. He is like some plump, smooth, apologetic seal. As a butler terrified by the supernatural, accepting financial "insults" with Poo-Bah's dignity, and answering the telephone with a north country "What's to do?" there is not a moment when he is on the stage that is not delicious. Fortunately for this farce there are many such moments.

The Night of the Garter is a night for the laugher.

TO PLAY SALLY BISHOP: Miss Joan Barry, who is to play the title-rôle in the Temple-Thurston story under production by the British Lion Corporation, for which Mr. John Drinkwater has written the dialogue

Speed and slick dancing may not be everything in a revue, but they are a deuce of a lot in a revue like *Rhyme and Rhythm*, which now occupies the stage of the Winter Garden Theatre, in lieu of full-length musical comedies. Briskness, when it is not too noisy, can carry one over the weak patches, and this show, in addition to other merits, certainly has that of not being too noisy. It has, to my mind, a still greater one of confining its dancing (apart from that of the principals) to a dozen comely young women who know their job yet are not overdrilled.

The result is the eye is never wearied, nor the brain blithered by a series of senseless and well-nigh interminable convolutions. The whole thing is neat and pleasant. If some of the sketches are on the weak side, they are soon over—and not all of them are weak. One, however, is about weak-mindedness, and that should be deleted at once. However much the modern revue may be designed for imbeciles (and sometimes, apparently, by them), it should never for one instant be *about* them. Perhaps, too, one day a merciful producer will gather his fellows together and, after consultation, decree that never again shall a musical entertainment contain burlesques of parsons presiding at village concerts, of vocal quartets, or of school prize-givings.

It was not only because a sort of combination of all three inflictions appeared very late in the programme that I found it so trying. What humour there is in people with no voices pretending to have even less (if that is possible) I fail to conceive.

Most of *Rhyme and Rhythm*, however, is distinctly good. Miss Phyllis Monkman knows all there is to know about revue. She has, too, the sense to realize that it is desirable to have other strings than dancing to her bow. A good many years ago she showed signs of burlesque ability; this she has developed, and she can now do what so few actresses can do, win genuine laughs with "the broad stuff." She does not force it, even when the material is thin.

Mr. Laddie Cliff is always bright and brotherly, though not always brief. His neat dancing and his boundless energy are assets, and he never allows the pace to flag. There is an electricity about Miss Vera Bryer's performance, although she really cannot sing one tiny bit, which is most alluring, and she can demonstrate that muscularity and daintiness are not incompatible.

The music is provided by a large jazz band on the stage. Romantic assistance is given by that splendid violinist, Mr. Alfredo Campoli, his pianist, and his 'cellist. But 11 p.m. was a trifle too late for a selection from *La Bohème*, in which I perceived "little poetry but much affection."

in a poignant scene with Miss Celia Johnson, play at the Haymarket. The crux of the in the rôle of the Hon. Cynthia Lynne, has to rob Miss Tempest (Charlotte Lady Immingham) to blackmail her

LOYALTIES: Miss Cathleen Nesbitt and Mr. Laurence Hanray in the revival, at the Garrick, of what is generally conceded to be Galsworthy's finest play. Both Miss Nesbitt and Mr. Hanray give startlingly good performances in a production notable for fine acting

BOOKS: Where Not to Work: The Autumn Output of Famous Houses: Far from Played-out Veterans: A Contrast to Modern Dramatists

By CECIL ROBERTS

July and August mark the dry season in the book world. We are now approaching the time of torrential rains. Already the preliminary autumn leaves of the publishers' announcements are fluttering down upon our heads. The monetary crisis has not lessened the number of books written, it has increased them, for authors, finding that their sales are curtailed, have increased their output.

I am always amazed by the prolific output of some of my contemporaries. Women novelists in particular never have to pause for a theme or seem to find it necessary to lie fallow. For myself I often endure nine months of misery, quite convinced I shall never write again. On the other hand I find two months sufficient in which to write a novel, whereas some wrestle with their subject for six, nine, or twelve months. Different authors have different methods.

I was lunching with one the other day who told me he did all his writing out of doors in the summer. I find this quite impossible; for one thing, the wind always makes itself as tiresome as possible. I have never ceased to be astonished at the diabolical ingenuity of the wind when one is trying to fold a newspaper, and writing out of doors is certain to provoke a minor gale with casualties among one's papers. Then there are such things as birds, whose antics are certain to attract my attention, to say nothing of the kitten that will climb the apple tree and then cry to be taken down. A party riding horseback along the bottom of my garden will entice me with curiosity, an aeroplane going overhead from somewhere to somewhere will fill me with speculation, and then I am sure to be attracted by a patch of blue sky, and the track and pace of a low-flying fleecy cloud that sends a lovely pattern of shadow across the hill.

And if all these fail to take me from my work out of doors, there is one morning event that breaks down my good resolution. At a certain hour twenty Sealyham terriers, from some breeding kennels nearby, take their morning walk in leashes led by an exasperated boy. Eighty stubby legs, twenty bobbing tails, and twenty black noses with forty black eyes prove quite irresistible. No, one cannot work out of doors.

Among the September books to descend upon us is a collection of D. H. Lawrence's letters, which is to be a volume of nearly nine hundred pages, edited by Aldous Huxley. Will this mark the end of the Lawrence stampede brought on by his death? John Galsworthy has collected some essays and addresses, and has hit upon the happy title of *Candelabra*, which suggests that they are enlightening. A new novel, *Flowering Wilderness*, is to follow. John Masefield cannot be accused of resting on his laurels, and from Boar's Hill there pours down upon us a ceaseless flow. He has told the story of the Trojan Wars in narrative verse. It is to be called *A Tale of Troy*. The trouble with being "collected" early is that if you go on living you have to be collected again. I was "collected," as a poet, when I was twenty-eight, and in a preface John Masefield prophesied for me a bright future. The prophecy was fatal, for from that date I have never written another poem, and I remain permanently "collected"; with Browning I can say, "not verse now, only prose."

Since Masefield goes on, his collection is never terminated, so we are to have another up-to-date collected edition of his poems. All these books are to come from Heinemann. There are two great charms about being published by Heinemann; one is to visit their exquisite waiting-room, in the town house of Topham Beauclerk, the other is to have C. S. Evans for your friend. Although I have played truant from the house in Great Russell Street, these two facts, I think, will keep me writing.

G. B. Shaw can be trusted both to produce and to arrest attention. His Christmas book is to be called *The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God*. It arises from Shaw's African visit and his mischievous mind, and he will cause some stir in the theological dovecotes with his brave black girl and her iconoclastic knobkerry. Life is getting very dangerous. With this passion for writing, you not only run the risk of being betrayed by your butler, but also by your kitchen scullion.

A Frenchman, Pierre Hamp, has written his reminiscences as an apprentice at the pastryboard of the Savoy and Berkeley Hotels, and he is calling it *Kitchen Prelude*, the first volume on his passage to *maître d'hôtel* I suppose. The book promises to open our eyes about kitchen life, which presumably means turning our stomachs also. Thomas Burke has taken an artist with him down into the East End, and together they are producing a book to be called *The Real East End*. Mr. Harold Nicolson is trying his hand at a novel to be called *Public Faces*, though I suspect it is really going to be another portrait of some people, an addition to his much visited gallery, *Some People*. All these books mentioned are to come from Constable's.

MR. ROBERT HICHENS, whose new novel *Mortimer Brice* presents all the enthusiasm of output that characterized this distinguished author's work at the beginning of his career nearly four decades ago

An autobiography that I shall await with interest is coming from Miss Vera Brittain, who is combining with it a picture of the century up to 1925. I am hoping this will include two very charming children she has produced as the wife of Professor G. E. G. Catlin, who contrives to live in England, and "profess" at Cornell University, where I found him maintaining the prestige of Oxford in the economic field. Also among our hardy annuals there are Mr. Robert Hichens and Mr. A. E. W. Mason.

It is the fashion to sneer at Mr. Hichens because he learned his business nearly forty years ago. How well he has learned it can be seen in his latest novel, *Mortimer Brice*. After all these years, and this tremendous output, what *brio*, what richness of imagination and briskness of writing! The anæmic school of pathological novelists should sit at his feet and learn how to tell a story, as well as how to plot one out. *Mortimer Brice* (Cassell. 7s. 6d.) is the study of a Greek god with the head of a ninepin: it is also a study of the women who play skittles with him. Here is a pitiless eye observing the present generation. Phyllis, the gourmet, can be seen in the foyer of any smart hotel. Mr. Hichens has pinned down his specimen admirably, and his whiff of cyanide of potassium has been most skilfully administered.

Turning to Mr. A. E. W. Mason, I approach him always with deep respect. He never retraces his steps or redresses his window; to him a new novel is a new adventure in the fields of fiction. He turns to the theory of reincarnation in *The Three Gentlemen* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.). The novel is divided into three sections. We meet Attilius, a young Roman dandy, banished to the legions in Britain by his alarmed relations; Anthony Scarr, a young Elizabethan, cheated of sailing with Drake, who finds death as a spy in a Spanish galleon on behalf of his queen; and Adrian Shard, a young politician of the present day. Attilius meets a violent death from a British chieftain whose daughter he loves. Reincarnated in the Elizabethan era, they meet again, to suffer a second frustration. Reincarnated in the present day, they encounter each other and are successful in their love.

The story falls down, it seems to me, because in the first place the central idea of reincarnation cannot be given credibility, and Mr. Mason has to rely upon unacceptable incidents connecting the lovers through the ages; and in the second place, well aware of his difficulty, he has not been bold enough to make his connecting incidents clear and strong enough.

The Roman and the Elizabethan ages are merely connected by a single Latin word which is dragged in. The incident of the chain in the Genoa antique shop, with the long rigmarole about how it came to be there, is fatal to credibility. And with this difficulty Mr. Mason has combined an oblique method of allusion, a Russian film-style of jerky switching from scene to scene, with momentary magnification of incidents, that renders the book difficult to comprehend.

Of the scholarship, the mastery of the periods, the verisimilitude of the detail, and the tremendous difficulties Mr. Mason has deliberately encountered in his pioneer courage, one can only speak with the utmost admiration. This is writing of a high order, and imagination of excellent quality. The book fails because of the essential falsity of its theme. There was no reason for the connecting link, and because it would seem preposterous if it were strong it remains negligible because it is so weak. The book resolves itself into three excellent short stories, each a masterly period piece.

"THE JOVIAL KING": Jerome Buonaparte, set by his gigantically scheming eldest brother on the throne of the Kingdom of Westphalia, specially hacked out of the Germanies to provide him with a crown, in the uniform of a Marshal of France. Jerome forms the subject of F. M. Kircheisen's biography, *Jovial King*, published by Elkin Mathews and Marrot

Modern crime fiction is often extremely near to police court reporting, with the result that the last chapter often finds us at the Old Bailey. In *Jenny Newstead* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), Mrs. Belloc Lowndes presents a well-known criminal who married women and murdered them for their paltry possessions. He was physically attractive and plausible. The original is so near to life that he will be easily recognized. But Mrs. Lowndes is not concerned with his recorded crimes, but with the fate of Jenny, whom he married and did not murder, and with her reactions when she discovers how nearly she has been a victim. It is poignantly done, with all Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' firm grip of the criminal mind.

Here is a curious novel, *The Invisible Army*, by Desmond Ryan (Arthur Baker. 8s. 6d.). It is based upon the story of Michael Collins, the Irish leader, and is a fictionized account of the years beginning with the 1916 rebellion. It is written by an eye-witness of those events, and tells the story of the strife which carried Collins, laughing, to his death. The stupidity of these internal feuds, their wasted heroism, their terrifying passion, their chivalry and cruelty, are all most vividly given life in this narrative, which really reads like fiction and yet runs so close with fact. It leaves one with a sense of the impossibility of ever understanding the Irish character. These men, who will die for a phrase, will murder their colleagues or lay down their lives for them; they reveal genius in leadership and childishness in their approach to facts, they are truly inscrutable, puppets of tumultuous fate, and a menace to any ordered logical existence. This is a heartbreaking story, most vividly dressed in the garb of fiction.

Messrs. Methuen have given us a volume of plays by Ivor Novello, which includes *I Lived With You*, *Party*, and *Symphony in Two Flats*, with an introduction by his friend, Edward Marsh. The remarkable thing to me about Mr. Novello's career is that he has emerged from an almost fatal beginning. I remember him as the pretty boy surrounded by an adulatory crowd of hysterical first-nighters. He had then written a tune that everyone was humming, and had achieved a uniform that greatly became him. And that might have been the end. Yet he has survived flattery, easy success, and Hollywood, and has remained natural and industrious. I find this a greater achievement than his plays, which, if I may say so without offence, will scarcely bear reading, though they admirably bear acting, especially with their author in them.

I Lived With You is an utterly false portrait of the lower middle-class, with a preposterous Russian Prince feeding their snobbery. On the stage the preposterous element was the chief attraction, in the book it is the chief irritation. *Symphony in Two Flats* is a clever sleight-of-hand scene, with little else to recommend it save a few studied epigrams. And then, with *Party*, Mr. Novello takes our breath away. The man who wrote this play might become a second Molière. Its humour, satire, vivacity, and innate sensibility, combined with amazing stagecraft, make it a landmark not only in Mr. Novello's career as dramatist, but in contemporary drama.

Mr. Marsh makes an interesting comparison of Ivor Novello and Noel Coward in their attitude to life. "Noel makes us ashamed of ourselves, and Ivor tolerant of one another."

BOOKS TO READ

DAYBREAK, by Vance Palmer (Stanley Paul. 7s. 6d.).

COTTAGE SINISTER, by O. Palmer (Longmans, Green and Company. 7s. 6d.).

CONGORILLA, by Martin Johnson (Harrap. 7s. 6d.).

FROM PICCADILLY TO DEVIL'S ISLAND, by Arthur Mills (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.).

JOVIAL KING — NAPOLEON'S YOUNGEST BROTHER, by F. M. Kircheisen (Mathews and Marrot. 12s. 6d.).

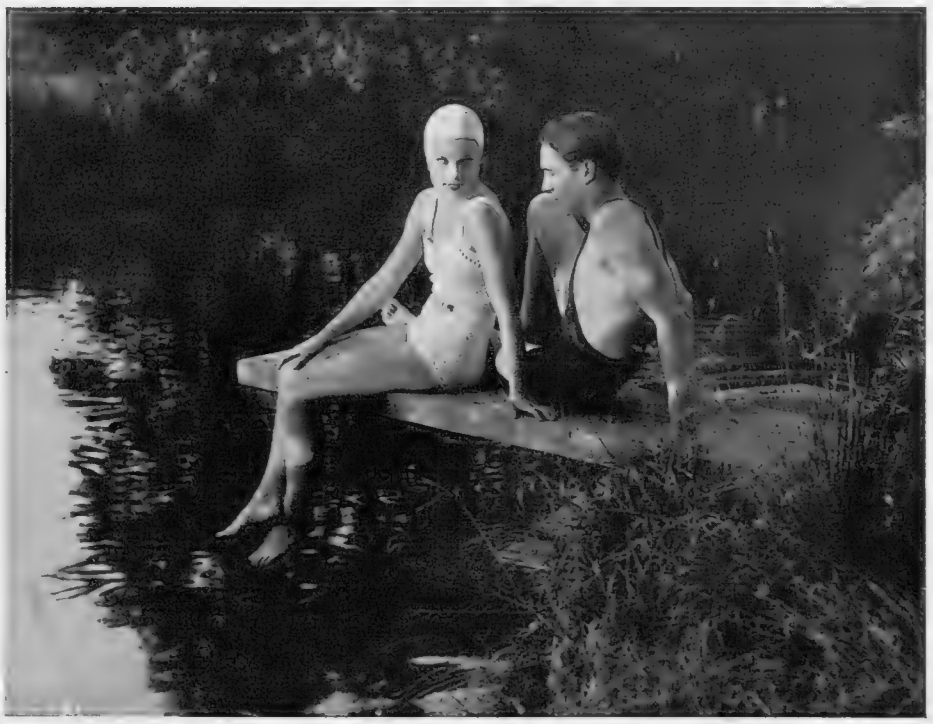
THE BRIDE'S BOOK — A Compendium (Howe. 10s. 6d.).

FILM FAVOURITES

RIVALRY: Mr. Charles Laughton as the Captain and Mr. Gary Cooper as the Lieutenant of the Submarine in *The Devil and the Deep*—a vehicle which gives the former actor full scope to his portrayal of demoniac jealousy

TRIANGLE: The lover, the husband, and the woman—Mr. Gary Cooper, Mr. Charles Laughton, and Miss Tallulah Bankhead—in *The Devil and the Deep*, the study of insane jealousy set in a submarine, a review of which appears on pp. 386-7 of this issue. Miss Bankhead is faultless, Mr. Cooper heroic, and Mr. Laughton unconvincing save in the emotional moments

MISS JOAN BENNETT, one of the brilliant sisters of whom the eldest, Constance, is one of the highest paid film stars in the world. One of Miss Joan Bennett's outstanding performances was in *Disraeli* in which Mr. George Arliss made so great a success. Another of her vehicles is *The Trial of Vivienne Ware*



UNDERGRADUATE LIFE ON THE FILMS! Miss Joan Gardner and Mr. Maurice Braddell in the new London Film Production, *Young Apollo*—a story dealing with the young life at Oxford where, out of flirtation, love is born to the hero and heroine, seen above. Coming to London, the hero endeavours in vain to obtain work, but the heroine proves a commercial success

"SINNERS IN THE SUN": Mr. Chester Morris, Miss Carole Lombard, and Miss Adrienne Ames, who star in *Sinners in the Sun*, the romance of riches and wealth of a mannequin

MR. LESLIE BANKS, whose return from Hollywood was signalized last Tuesday in the *première* of *The Way to the Stars* at Wyndham's, is here seen in *The Most Dangerous Game*, his latest film

PERSONALITIES OF THE DAY

Sasha

A HAMPSTEAD WEDDING: Miss Nancy Barbara Pickard, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Pickard and a sister of Mrs. Cedric Hardwicke, leaving with her bridegroom, Mr. Dennis Kennedy, after their wedding at St. Jude's, Hampstead, a few days ago

OF THE HOUSE OF BISMARCK: Countess Marianne and Count Ferdinand von Bismarck, children of the present Prince and great-grandchildren of the Iron Chancellor, on board the Hamburg-America liner, *Deutschland*

THE AIR MINISTER: Lord Londonderry, after travelling by air from Ireland to meet the Ottawa delegates, shakes hands with Squadron-Leader Vincent at Northolt Aerodrome

WELCOME HOME: Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Massey, who have just returned from playing in America. Mrs. Massey acts under the name of Adrienne Allen

CONFERENCE: Mr. John Drinkwater, who has been prevailed upon to write the dialogue to *Sally Bishop* for the new British Lion production, is here seen at the Beaconsfield Studios with Mr. T. Hayes Hunter, the director, and Miss Joan Barry, Mr. Harold Huth, and Miss Isabel Jeans

THE INFANTAS: Beatrice and Christina are paying their first visit to London since the fall of the Spanish Monarchy. This is the first picture taken of them on this occasion

GRACE in the OPEN AIR

A GULL'S-EYE VIEW OF A HUMAN SWALLOW: The most graceful of aquatic evolutions, the swallow dive, seen from above at the North Berwick bathing pool

THE JACK KNIFE: A seemingly simple but, to execute with perfection, very difficult dive, illustrated by Mr. Johnny Weissmuller, a swimming champion

Dorien Leigh

REFLECTIONS IN A NORTHERN SEA: A charming study of a summer morning with an early Naiad hailing a boat to take her out to deep water to plunge in at once and evade the gradual immersion of the bather from shore

A SUN'S-EYE VIEW of Miss 1932—a bathing belle incarnating in physique and attire the ideals of beauty and freedom of the age—caught by the camera at North Berwick

OARE CHURCH, where Carver shot Lorna on her wedding day, but where the author of the accompanying article first detected topographical inaccuracy

THE SPHERE of TRAVEL:

In England's Happy Vales

THE REAL DOONE VALLEY

Where is the Doone Valley?

I suppose most people who have studied the question would answer by producing the map of Exmoor and putting their finger on the words "Doone Valley" which appear about midway between Lynmouth and Minehead, and against one of the streams which feeds the Badgworthy Water two miles south of Malmsmead. All the maps agree on this point, and the weight of evidence might be considered sufficient to quench any doubt which one might feel. And doubt is felt, for the place which the maps call the Doone Valley is not at all what Blackmore leads us to expect, and is not nearly so thrilling as several other valleys in the neighbourhood. My own doubt was strong enough to send me off to Barnstaple one Friday afternoon recently, and to explain my presence on the amusing but efficient "toy" railway to Lynton the following morning.

I decided to investigate the matter thoroughly, and began with the Valley of Rocks, which is not so far from Lynton and—not a negligible point in this region of long, steep hills—almost on the same level. Well, Blackmore's description of the Valley of Rocks and of Mother Meldrum's Cave is near enough to be quoted by most of the guide books, and I found no serious fault with it; so I set off eastward, and after an hour or so of toiling found myself at County Gate, overlooking the Doone country: a grand expanse of moorland scored by deep-set valleys. One of these, I knew, was the Doone Valley. Which one I proposed to find out.

At Oare Church I had my first check. The church is there right enough; but if Plover Barrows Farm is two miles above the confluence of the Badgworthy and the Lyn, you cannot see it by the guidance of a gun-barrel pointed from the church porch. (Curious how guns are associated with the church, for it was here that Carver Doone shot Lorna on her wedding day.) I selected the Lyn-Badgworthy clue and walked down to Malmsmead, where the extensive farmstead is now known as the Lorna Doone Farm.

WAS THIS THE ORIGINAL "LORNA'S BOWER"? A cranny a few hundred yards from the farmhouse called "Cloud"

THROUGH THE DOONE GATE: On each side of the picture is one of the two mounds which probably gave Blackmore the idea for the Doone Gate

Now, it was while hunting loaches in the Badgworthy Water that young Jan Ridd came to the waterslide which was the entrance from this end into the Doone Valley; so my obvious course was to follow the Badgworthy Water upstream and look out for a waterslide.

On the way I passed a farmhouse called Cloud, and by many people associated with Lorna's Bower; but careful examination failed to reveal why such an association should persist. On the other hand, I did discover, a few hundred yards farther up the valley, a small cranny in the rock that seems almost certainly to be the prototype of Lorna's Bower. It isn't deep enough to be called a cave, and yet its sides are so regularly carved out that it bears a most enticing appearance to anyone wishing to shelter from a storm, while ivy grows over the portal. Although I had not reached the waterslide or the Doone Valley of the maps, I tentatively noted this as the original of Lorna's Bower.

Continuing on my way with a sense of hopefulness, I was delighted, half a mile farther, by the sight of a veritable waterslide! It isn't on the main Badgworthy Stream, but in the Lank Combe, which comes in on the right. I spent a considerable time in and around this combe, and even now I am not sure that Blackmore had not this combe in mind when he drew his Doone Valley. Above the waterslide the stream runs for some way between steep rocky banks, and on top of them is a tangle of trees which, to a small boy, might well seem impassable. When the valley opens out, you see before you a steep-sided combe, semi-circular in plan (a point which Jan Ridd mentions, you may remember), and the far end contracting to a narrow wedge in the hills, which most vividly suggests defence by some such stockade as the Doone Gate.

The location of the gate will, I suppose, ever be an open matter. The essential features, you may recall, were two prominent mounds so disposed across the valley that they left three easily guarded ways into it. For some geological reason such mounds are a common feature of this neighbourhood. There is one beside the waterslide in Lank Combe, another beside the ruins at the foot of the so-called Doone Valley; but if you walk a little farther up the main Badgworthy Valley you will come to a *pair* of mounds which divide the valley into three, as Blackmore would have it, and which lie, moreover, at the point where the path from Oareford (almost certainly the Ridd farm of Plover Barrows) comes in from over the moor. You will recall that Jan Ridd came this way when he entered the valley with the aid of Bacchus Doone. All things considered, there seems little doubt that this was the prototype of the Doone Gate.

So far I had been merely gathering material. Before endeavouring to piece it together I had to tackle the problem of the "ruins" of the Doone dwellings which lie at the mouth of what the maps mark as the Doone Valley.

The ruins are there right enough, but whether they are remains of buildings or sheep-folds I am unable to say. I do say, however, that their connection with Blackmore's Doones is highly improbable, if only for the reason that the valley in which they lie is utterly unlike any valley described in the novel. Its sides are neither steep nor romantic; instead of contracting to a neck which could be defended by a gate the combe actually widens and splits into two valleys which rapidly flatten out as they reach the level of the moors. Blackmore, moreover, particularly described the Doone houses as lying either side of a stream which flowed between them like a street, and there is here no such suggestion.

Now I have always held that the picture of the Doone houses with the water flowing between them was sufficiently original to have been inspired by some such place actually in existence. Blackmore had a fine eye for scenery, and in this country he had all the inspiration he needed; he was under no necessity to invent and I don't think he did invent.

A little above the Lank Combe, the Badgworthy Valley contracts and the path rises on the open hillside. The stream, as it flows below, is

(*Continued on p.* 400)

Drawings by Harold Nelson

"THE RUINS," STAMFORD: The ruined Jacobean house erected by the first Earl of Exeter and subsequently used by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham

THE CHARM of LINCOLNSHIRE

Stamford, once a Royal Borough, now a "considerable" market town, lies on the Great North Road ninety miles from London just within the boundaries of three counties—Lincoln, Rutland, and Northampton. Passing the R.A.F. Aerodrome at Wittering, the road skirts the confines of Burghley Park by a wide curve and descends into the town via St. Martin's—under the hanging sign of The George. Crossing the stone bridge over the Welland, the road rises to where the majestic spire of St. Mary's dominates the view, one of the glories of Stamford and a triumph of thirteenth-century architecture.

An abrupt turn to the left plunges at once into the heart of the town. A chequered and romantic story lies behind these grey streets and narrow lanes, once thronged with men-at-arms and sandalled friars, and echoing to hoarse shouts, jingling harness, and the clamour of bells from a dozen churches and monasteries, for Stamford has played a conspicuous part in military and ecclesiastical history.

Stamford is built almost entirely of the pleasant, warm grey stone found in the neighbourhood, which gives a substantial appearance to the humblest cottage.

Viewed from the meadows in the afternoon sunlight the town shows a varied and picturesque profile of mellow roofs, the sky-line broken by the spires and towers of the six surviving churches, of which All Saints is perhaps the most interesting architecturally. The oldest parts belong to the year 1225, and the exterior arcading and stiff-leaf carving on the capitals are fine examples of Early English craftsmanship.

Ruthlessly battered by Lancastrian marauders during the Wars of the Roses, the church was restored and re-founded in 1470 by the brothers William and John Browne, wealthy merchants of the "Staple of Calais," and to their munificence is due the graceful, crocketted spire which competes for supremacy with that of St. Mary, already mentioned.

By the middle of the thirteenth century Stamford had become a place of monasteries, hospitals, and colleges, the resort of kings and scholars, and at one time a serious rival of Oxford University itself.

Since the days of Queen Elizabeth, the history of Stamford has been very largely bound up with that of William Cecil, first Lord Treasurer and his descendants the Lords of Burghley, who inhabit the great house standing in its well-timbered park just without the town.

In spite of its departed glories, Stamford retains in its street names, its mullioned windows, and arched doorways more than a little of its old dignity and importance, and no one visits the town without falling under the spell of its fascination.

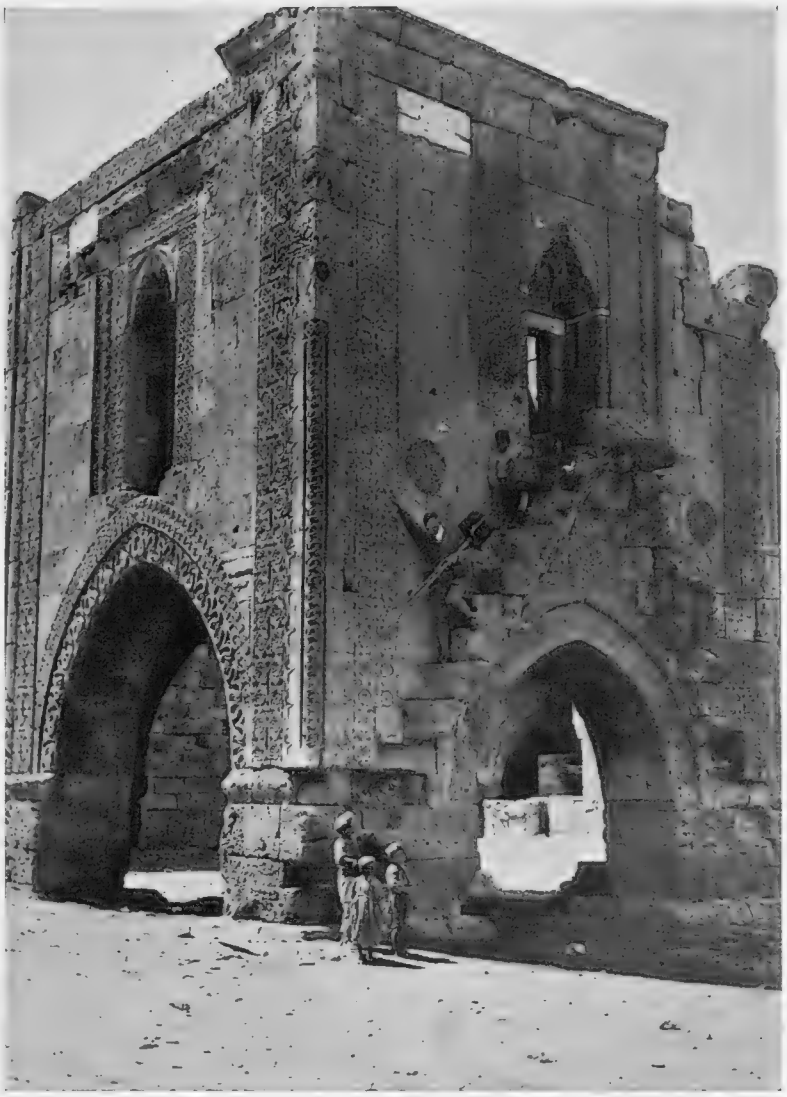
Harold Nelson.

"ST. LEONARD'S PRIORY": The remains of a fine old priory erected in 1082 by Kairlift, Bishop of Durham, to replace an early Saxon building destroyed by the Danes. It has now fallen on evil times and does duty as a shelter for farm carts, etc., and similar base uses

MONUMENTS of a DEAD RACE

Seldjukides Monuments in Anatolia

AN ANCIENT SELDJUKIDES HAN: The doorway of an inn at Cæsarea showing the high ornamentation beloved of the extinct race. The princes of the Seldjukides built their caravanserai at intervals of a day's journey on the caravan routes they protected with such care to foster the trade to which they were devoted



WHENCE CALLED THE MUEZZIN: The minaret of the mosque in the Sultan Han. Two types of sacred building were familiar to the Seldjukides; the column-supported mosques of Arabic origin and the open Medressi in the Persian style. A mosque formed part of their great caravanserai

A STRANGE EMBATTLED SILHOUETTE: The view of Cæsarea, sharply outlined against Erdjas Dag (12,500) glimpsed from an old Seldjukides fortress. Cæsarea itself, Konia, and Siwas all are possessed of splendid specimens of the mixed architecture of the Seldjukide which bears traces of Persian, Arabic, Syrian, Egyptian, Armenian, and Byzantine influence

THE TOMB OF A PRINCE: A Kuembet "Koetch Onnu" tomb built in 1263 A.D. near Cæsarea. In the background is the Mons Argaus of antiquity

HETERODOX CARVING on this princely tomb in Cæsarea proves that the Seldjukides, though Moslem, were not strictly bound by the Koran, for in defiance of its veto on the representation of animal life in art, the device of the lion is found to recur on this tomb, and is to be discerned on many others

The formation of the new Anatolia under Kemal Pasha, links up the general interest with the cultural past of the present central area of the Turkish Republic. This territory was considered to be at one time the most highly developed of the Orient. The cultural period of classical times and the succeeding Christendom of Asia Minor were terminated by the advent of the conquering Osmanli. The Turkish era was introduced through a branch of the Seldjukides, who seem to have been the real founders of Turkish art. While there appears to be little remaining of the earlier cultural periods of Asia Minor, the memorial builders of the Seldjukides have left much that commands admiration. The Seldjukides stormed out from that vast well of human multitudes, the Kirghiz steppes of inner Asia, about the year 1000 A.D. Possessing no tradition on which to construct, they were obliged to rely on the aid of foreigners. Consequently, one may recognize in their architecture Persian, Syrian, Arabic, Egyptian, Armenian and Byzantine influences. However, in the course of a few generations efforts were made towards a clear form of their own, which soon pierced through the foreign element, and revealed inherent tendencies. The buildings erected during the flourishing period of their culture (13th century) show distinctive features. Climate and available material undoubtedly affect building form. The absence of any kind of timber on the treeless steppes did not allow of the Syrian flat-roofed style; the raw climate compelled the vaulting over of the court, the outline of which reveals Persian cupola origin. Excellent building stone is obtainable from the rocky highlands, and so the brick of Byzantine was avoided.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A new mode for women Fascists is seen in this portrait of Signorina Arletti, who is wearing the so-called Mussolini head-dress

This evening coat with beautiful lines is made in a dull white face-cloth and trimmed with a black fox fur collar. Its creator, Arem, is London's youngest dress designer

The two standing models photographed by Eric Gray

The idea for this charming frock from Arem, christened Minerva, came from the bark of a tree. It is made in a crinkled parchment-coloured marocain with a short swathed coat of the same material in red. The dress has an attractive and original belt made of teak and cedar wood

EARLY AUTUMN IDEAS

A military coat of herring-bone weave with a front exaggerated to page-boy fashion with bright metal buttons, is worn with a sailor hat trimmed with the same plaid as the scarf

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PERSONALITIES

THE WIND AS A WEDDING GUEST! When Mr. Downey and Miss Wood left St. Michael's, Highgate, after their marriage, both bride and groom were veiled—Mr. Downey being completely enveloped in the billowy tulle

THE JUDGE'S JUNIOR: Signorina Clara Angeli Trippi, daughter of Judge Trippi of Milan, who at a tender age takes down and transcribes her father's notes. Her typing speed is 50 and her shorthand 110 per minute

BROUGHT UP ON ENGLISH LINES: Miss Doris Tan, the daughter of the newly-appointed First Secretary of the Chinese Legation, has discarded her Chinese toys in favour of English sports. She is being taught to cycle by her mother

A HIGHLAND WEDDING IN LONDON: "Old Moore"—in other words, Mr. H. M. V. Roberts, the publisher of the famous almanac—fulfilled one of his own prophecies when he married a few days ago. The bride, Miss C. E. Hammond, and groom were piped out of church by Pipe-Major MacDonald

PRINCESS ELIZABETH GOES TO CHURCH: The granddaughter of the King and Queen, who was with the Royal party at Balmoral, attended service at Crathie Church for the first time last Sunday. The Duke and Duchess of York were also present. The Empire's darling is seen above with her grandparents

A "NIPPY" GAME OF BOWLS: The captain of the men's bowls team gives the women employees of Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., instruction in the gentle art of Drake's game at the Lyons Club, Sudbury Hill. Laid out with Cumberland turf, it ranks among the best greens in the country. The girls all wear trousers buttoned on at the ankles

A BADDELEY CAREER: Miss Cynthia Baddeley, who has acted as chauffeur to her sister Hermione the actress, has now joined a motor hire service run entirely by women and has determined to make driving her career

DOGGED BY BAD LUCK: Kaye Don and his mechanic, Dick Garner, who were robbed of their rosy chance of the Harmsworth Trophy on Lake St. Claire, Detroit, by the snapping of the throttle rod

TELLING THE WORLD: A Cheltenham motorist's novel idea to catch the car thief. Any person who tries to move the car without knowing the whereabouts of a secret switch immediately releases a catch which drops the warning plate at the rear

A HAT TRICK was accomplished by Stanley Woods, the young Irishman, who scored his third successive victory in the Ulster Grand Prix. Above is seen Percy Hunt, who was second, rounding Killead corner

AT SHELSLEY WALSH: R. J. G. Nash at the wheel of his Frazer-Nash, competing in the Midland Automobile Club's annual hill climb near Worcester

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

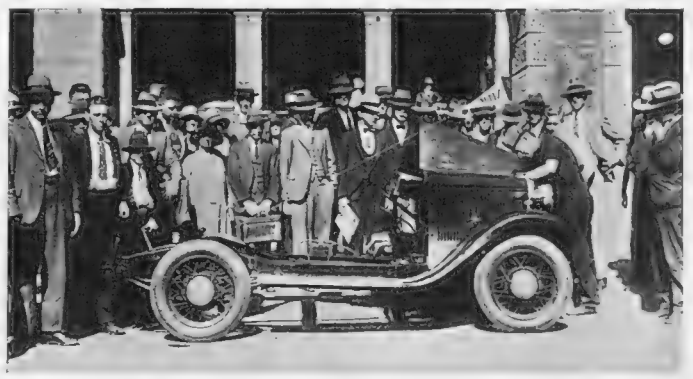
(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

FOR NEXT YEAR—TRIUMPH.—This week I am able to give particulars of additional 1933 programmes. First of all, the Triumph range is one of outstanding interest. In view of my recent remarks regarding the inadequacy of the usual jack supplied with a car it gives me very great pleasure to make public the fact that all Triumphs for 1933 will be fitted with a central jacking system. In my previous notes on this subject I directed the attention of British manufacturers to the advisability of incorporating such a scheme as the Triumph Company has now adopted. I feel certain that their enterprise will be more than justified, and their central jacking system will bring them many additional orders which they might otherwise have missed. This central jacking system on Triumph bars is just one instance of the elaborate pains which these British makers have taken to supply real luxury cars for their customers. The Triumph Super-Seven will in future be known as the Super-Eight; and the Southern Cross sports model, which had the original Super-Nine engine, is now a 10-h.p. car. In all there are nine 1933 Triumph models, and these are divided into three main categories, viz., Super-Eights, Super-Nines, and Twelve Sixes. In the first category there is a two-four-seater, a four-seater, and a four-door pillarless saloon. The price is the same for all three—£155. The specification of the three Super-Nines which comprises a two-four-seater, a full four-seater, and a four-door saloon includes a four-speed gear-box, hydraulic shock absorbers, Magna wheels, and 12-volt electrical equipment. Again, the price of each car in this group is the same, namely, £189. In the last category two types are listed, namely, a saloon and an open four-seater, each of which costs £198. These models have a 6-cylinder engine rated at 11·9 h.p. The last item in the 1933 programme is the Southern Cross sports model, which in reality is a Super-Nine chassis with a bigger engine, which is rated at 9·8 h.p. The price of this model is £225.

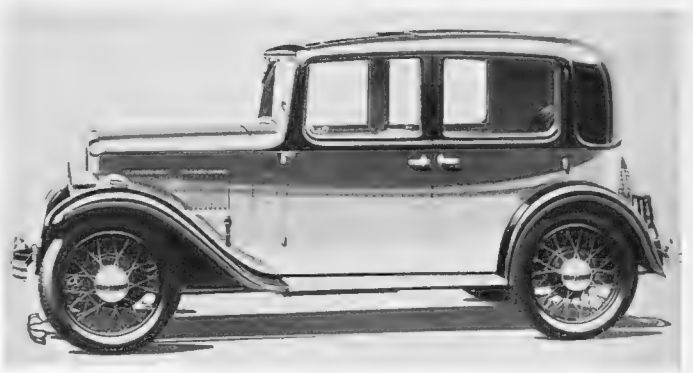
ALVIS. — The 1933 Alvis programme includes one entirely new car which is to be known as the Firefly. This new model is built on similar lines to the Speed Twenty which made its appearance this year. The engine of the Firefly is rated at 11·9 h.p. and has a cubic capacity of 1,496 cc. Its 4-cylinder engine, transmission, brakes, etc., all display the same striking characteristics as is the case with its larger brother, the Speed Twenty. This new model will first of all be offered as a saloon for £494, as a close-coupled four-seater drop-head coupé and as a four-seater sports, both selling at £475. As the remarkable reputation associated with Alvis cars was largely originated by the success of their 1,500-cc. early models, we may confidently anticipate that this new Firefly will very quickly add to the fame of the firm. The 12–50 and 12–60 Alvis cars are to be continued. The 16–95 and 20-h.p. Silver Eagles will likewise remain in the list and, I might add, that no change in their specification has been incorporated, as none was deemed necessary or desirable. The Alvis Speed Twenty will be continued unaltered, and I am glad to learn, though it does not surprise me, that the success of this model has been so great that the production first contemplated has had to be increased upon three occasions during the season and even now production lags behind demand.

OBSTRUCTING SALVATIONISTS.—The week-end before last I was passing through Godalming in the direction of Portsmouth, when I found my progress reduced to a slow-walking pace by a Salvation Army band on the move. There was a continuous stream of traffic coming in the opposite direction, and those motorists who are acquainted with Godalming will understand how impossible it was to overtake this obstruction. I have every sympathy with the Salvation Army, and I am sure they do excellent work, but I have yet to be persuaded that in order to do this work and do it efficiently it is necessary for their members to march four abreast on one of the main arterial roads at its narrowest part during the busy hours on a Saturday evening. Having followed behind for several hundred yards I have to confess that my irritation became immense, and eventually the human nature in me came to the top, and the strains from the band were completely drowned by the noises from my klaxon. I do not like to make myself a nuisance on the road, but by counterblasting in this way the formation was pushed to one side and I was able to pass along. I venture to suggest to the authorities of the Salvation Army that they would gain much goodwill if they gave instructions that their local bands should not make themselves a nuisance on busy artery roads.

"GB."—A friend of mine has recently returned from an extensive tour in France and Switzerland on his Riley car. I had occasion to follow behind him the other day, and although he had finished his tour only two days previously I did not notice the usual "GB" plate. When we reached our destination I asked him how he managed to drive through foreign countries without displaying the customary white oval disc. To my amazement he told me that his car had been fitted in the usual manner, but on regaining Newhaven he had immediately taken off the "GB" plate. As this is the first instance that has come to my personal knowledge of an owner removing this identification disc of his own free will and accord, I consider it worthy of mention. The reverse is usually the case, for how many times do we find owners painting their own "GB" letters at the rear of their car, or even having them cast in order to look pretty, and in some cases probably in the hope of impressing their friends and acquaintances that they have toured abroad? Little do they know that their efforts in this direction immediately advertise the fact that they have never been abroad with a car because only the "GB" plates issued by recognized authorities such as the R.A.C. or A.A. in this country are of the slightest use.



BLAZING THE TRAIL: The first Hillman Minx chassis to arrive in Brisbane created a great deal of interest. It is seen above in the hands of Messrs. Evers Motors, Ltd., the Hillman distributors at Brisbane



A POPULAR NEWCOMER: The recently introduced Austin Ten-Four saloon de luxe fitted with a twin-top gear, sunshine roof, bumper Magna wheels, and chromium-plated lamps

COMPULSORY MECHANICAL SIGNALLING.—Since I wrote my notes relating to the absurdity of hand-signalling in a recent issue of THE SPHERE, I find that one of our technical journals has approached the same subject. This journal has expressed the opinion that before long the mechanical or electrical indicator is bound to take the place of hand-wagging. Mr. Pybus, the Minister of Transport, surely should wait no longer and issue an order, provided he has the powers, to enforce the fitting of mechanical or electrical indicators of suitable design to every car. A few years ago it might not have been wise to issue such a regulation, but to-day there are many such indicators suitable for the purpose on the market. The journal in question has pointed out, and pointed out wisely, that much of the confusing hand-wagging is due to the dislike of the average driver to open the side window of his saloon on a cold or wet night.

THE FLYING MIDGET.—The 1933 M.G. Midget car has made its appearance and the makers claim that the standard model is capable of a speed of 80 m.p.h. although the engine is unsupercharged. I feel that the M.G. makers are to be congratulated on producing a vehicle which sells at under £200 and is capable of such a performance. This remarkable car has an engine of only just over three-quarters of a litre in capacity and is taxed at £8 per annum. This new car is also another instance of the value of motor racing and high speed competition work on general design. Although the makers of this car do not claim that racing has been directly responsible for the introduction of this new model, yet I am sure that if they were asked they would, without hesitation, agree that without their racing experience a standard model of this performance could never have been produced by them at this time.

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BRASSES

OLD STYLE: The direct method applied to the memorial brass of a fourteenth-century knight

Of all the treasures in our English churches, none can surpass in human interest the wonderful series of effigies in brass which still preserve for us the outward appearance, if not the actual portrait, of our forbears.

Up to the present day, the usual way of portraying them in books has been a mere photograph of a "rubbing," which shows the face and hands and other flat surfaces black, while all incised lines which mark the features and costume appear in white. This method gives a good reproduction of costume, but everything is the wrong colour.

A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY PRIEST: The face in the old method looks black and characterless

Other methods have been attempted; woodcuts can give the right colours, but are not always faithful to the original, since the personal touch of the craftsman intervenes. The Royal Commission on Historical Monuments trust to direct photographs of the brass itself, but the lighting available is seldom satisfactory.

The method here illustrated is free from all the above objections and introduces a new advantage. There is no chance of inaccuracy as in the woodcut; things black are not represented as white, and above all, for the first time, the actual features portrayed can be seen as the artist intended; the faces are not only light instead of dark, but also bear an expression which cannot be seen in a black reproduction. In short, the whole person comes to life.

The device by which this improvement is effected is comparatively simple, but seems not to have been utilized before. An ordinary photograph is taken of a black "rubbing": the negative will show a white face. This negative is then placed in front of something bright, with its film side farthest from the camera, and photographed. The second negative thus produced will show a black face, and prints, enlargements, or lantern slides can be made from it showing the face in white. Sepia toning gives an even better idea of the original brass.

NEW STYLE: The re-photographed method showing the contrasts in their proper colours

A PRIEST THAT LIVES: The new method reverses the colours and preserves the character

S. T. Collins

PEWTER

Contrary to the general public opinion as to the selection of antiques, pewter should be chosen primarily for its ornamental worth, and those with an innate sense of proportion and instinct for the beautiful will be more likely to find a real treasure. The serious study of old pewter is the work of many years. Volumes have been written on one type alone, such as the pewter lamp, for example, to say nothing of hundreds of dissertations on hall-marks and touch-marks. Despite the large number of collectors, there is still an occasional find sufficiently old and fine to give a charming note in a home if it be only well displayed. To be in a position to handle and carefully examine pewter is of great advantage, for the sense of touch counts a lot in the appraisal of this much-sought-after metal. Therefore small private collections are often of greater value to the amateur than are the pieces in museums which, of course, are not accessible to the visitor.

In France there has, perhaps, remained longer a wide choice of good pieces, because here pewter has had far fewer lovers and collectors than elsewhere. But even in Paris pewter-hunting is no longer a sport for a poor man, although bargains can even yet be found by one of lean purse if he have also infinite patience and a flair for the old and artistic. Collecting old pewter is a difficult one for the amateur, as it has been, and is, so easily faked. For pewter is still pewter, and the composing elements have remained the same throughout the ages. An alloy in which the chief ingredients are tin and lead, it formed an important link in the development of tableware from wood to china. First appearing commonly in company with wooden ware, trenchers and the like, it gradually gained place in the homes of the rich. Then, little by little, it was finally relegated entirely to the servants' hall.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A pewter chalice presented to the cathedral by a Dean of Durham

In the fourteenth century pewter designs were largely in imitation of the richer silver, the *bourgeoisie* contenting itself with the fact that it was at least a *façon d'argent*. But for all that the best pewterers were artists.

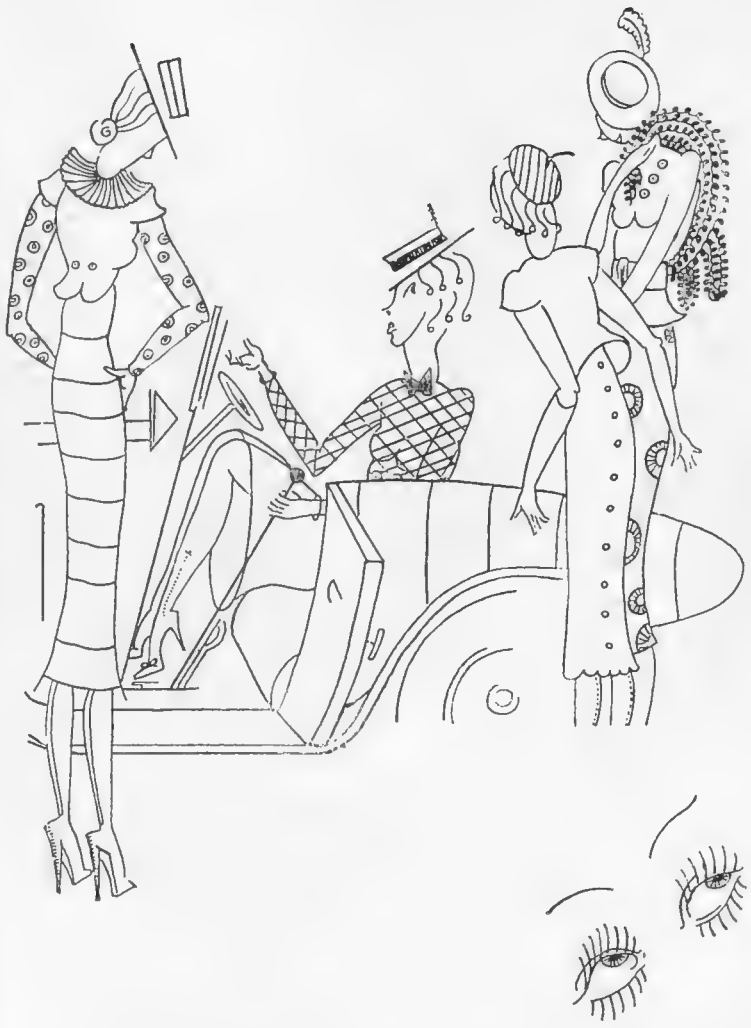
In France, as in other countries, there were regulations as to the standard of the manufactured pewter, and each piece was required to bear the *poinçon de contrôle*, or inspector's stamp, as well as the *poinçon de maître*, or the mark of the maker.

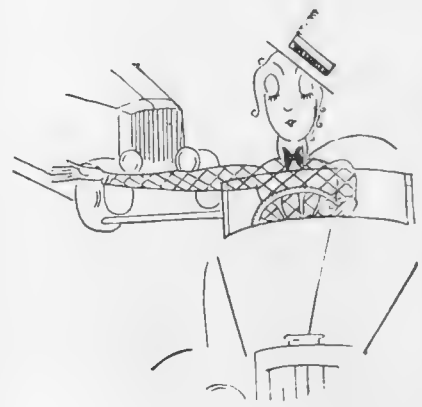
It may be true to say that in the general scheme of a house pewter is undoubtedly harder to arrange than are brass or copper ware, whose colours lend themselves more readily to any interior. It does not harmonize with china, and it is often a mistake to mix it on a shelf with articles of porcelain or even of other metals. If one has a good-sized collection, by far the most effective display is made if shown *en masse* and, if possible, made the keynote of the room. An old French, or Welsh, or colonial open-faced dresser with shelves is an ideal piece of furniture on which to arrange a collection.

A soft deep blue is perhaps the very best colour to set off the inimitable sheen of old pewter. Dull orange-yellow is good too, and certain greens, but tans and whitish tones should be avoided, for they give a hard look to the shimmering grey.

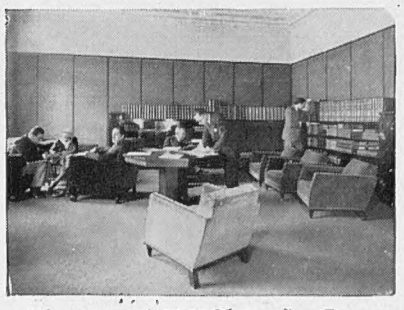
Oval platters and the larger plates form the best kind of background to the flagons and beacons, or their French cousins, *pichets* and *buires*, which are hung in front of them. On the polished top below the shelves may stand the old peasant *soupière* still found in France, flanked by the round spoon rack which in France replaces the old English spoon box. Back of them are ranged the all-important *écuelles* or porringers with their quaint ears.

Arthur Haslam





Of course, when you **understand** *them, cars are just the simplest things. When you want to start you waggle your left foot, waggle your right foot and waggle the long handle with the knob on it. When you want to stop you signal with your hand. When the thing won't work, you open the bonnet and wait for someone to come along. Then you do this with your eyes. But the man says that I must be kind to the engine and always use Castrol, and then the thing won't not work. So you see, cars aren't nearly as mysterious as people think.*



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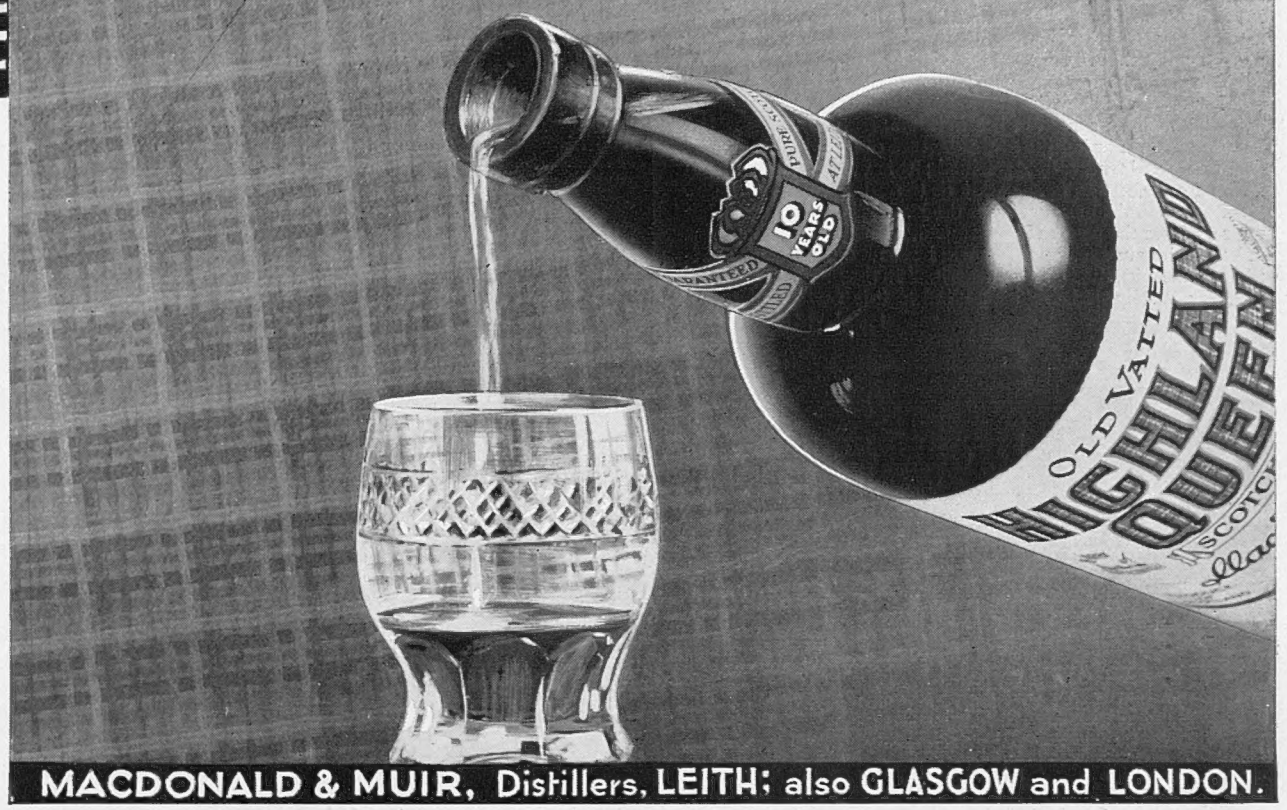

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CONTINUATIONS

THE REAL DOONE VALLEY

(Continued from p. 392)

contained between two stout banks, on either side of which are two level strips of land which to-day immediately suggest themselves as camping sites and which, I am strongly convinced, suggested to Blackmore this curious lay-out of the Doone settlement. The valley, moreover, here makes a semi-circular bend; a few hundred yards upstream are the mounds which I have connected with the Doone Gate: downstream (though, I admit, on a contributary rivulet) is the waterslide, and beyond that is Lorna's Bower.

Here, then, were all the ingredients for Blackmore's picture: ingredients far more apt than the turfy ruins in the map-maker's Doone Valley. They are so much more apt, in fact, that I unhesitatingly affirm that the maps are wrong. In this connection I may add that the Doone Valley did not appear on any map until some twenty years after the publication of the novel, although the Doone legends had been current, and had been published in book form, for at least fifty years previously.

Where is the Doone Valley?

I asked a farm-woman and she replied, "Well, us do say it be all round here," and though she is only partly right I have come to the conclusion that when Blackmore decided to write the novel he went up the Badgworthy Valley to collect "local colour." He noted the rock-cranny which became Lorna's Bower; he saw the waterslide, and his fine imagination saw a use for it which has made it one of the most popular bits of scenery in British literature; he saw the stream running, embanked, between those two plots which to me at once suggested "camping," but which to him suggested "houses"; and farther up the valley he saw the mounds which he made into the Doone Gate. Whether or no he saw the so-called Doone ruins I do not know; but I am convinced that in the face of such superior scenery he would have seen no necessity for dragging them into the picture.

For many generations tourists have toiled up the Badgworthy Valley to the misnamed Doone Valley and have come away with a keen sense of disappointment. The Valley of the novel was the culminating scenic feature of a country romantic and finely and truthfully described; this valley is so far from being a culmination to the walk as to rank as an anti-climax.

The Doone Valley, in fact, is the Badgworthy Valley which runs up from the Lyn at Malmsmead, and if you walk up that valley with your eyes open you will have no difficulty in recognizing, as I did, the features described in the novel. The real mystery is why we have been blind to this fact for so many years!

Hugh Meredith.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE PLEASURE CRUISE

(Continued from p. 381)

the Russian with his little white imperial who says, as he offers you his beaded bags, that once he was a rich man in Constantinople; nor George Petovitch, in his black straw hat, who tells you that he is "a personal friend of many English Lords and Sirs" and urges you to visit his shop of national costumes; nor even the breath-taking drive up the twenty-nine hair-pin bends which are so close together that they look like the terraces of a vineyard; nor the driver himself, a swarthy Montenegrin who fancies himself as the local Campari, or any other famous racing motorist, and insists on passing charabancs at forty miles an hour with a yard of clearance and a drop of 3,000 ft. if the steering gear goes wrong; nor the small brown boys who throw you bunches of wild thyme and then clamber like goats up the face of the rock to catch you on the next bend and shout for dinars—the local pennies. Nor have I space for Cettinje itself, with the late King of Montenegro's palace and the royal billiard table on which I played fifty up. If you don't believe me and if no one has changed the score board you will see that "spot" had made 44 and "plain" had scored 22. In any case you can ask for Sam Jovich. You can easily recognize him because he owns the only gold watch in Cettinje and he walks with his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, wishing he was back in Dawson City. As soon as you tell him that you come from "Big Britain" he will be your friend for life. A nice chap, Sam.

But I have finished my cool jug of Serbian beer. The swimming pool calls, and I must take my own advice of relaxing pleasantly again into the hot, lazy sunshine, philosophical and content and carefree for the first time since I paid income-tax. "Pleasure cruise" is right, especially down the Dalmatian coast.

THESE WOMEN OF VIENNA

(Continued from p. 374)

They use their hands so eloquently. They are not content with a compliment to a friend of the same sex. They will gaze long into her face, examine her eyes, smile, and stroke her under the chin. The compliment is transferred by touch as well as by voice. Even a man will grip your arm for emphasis, while a woman will pat the face of her dearest enemy. It is a gesture quite meaningless but very well done.

So these are the women of Vienna, chattering through the lean years as they did through the good days. Warm-hearted and gay; interested in their own good looks; frank and companionable; their humour sharp and sometimes cruel; but in these days they can be forgiven much.

Vienna herself has lost so much.

THE QUEEN OF BERMUDA

The *Queen of Bermuda*, the only important passenger vessel being built at the present time in British shipyards, was launched a few days ago at Barrow by Lady Cubitt, the wife of the Governor of Bermuda. The interior of this ship, which is scheduled to be one of the most beautifully equipped vessels owned by any line, is being decorated and furnished throughout, with the exception of the dining saloon, by Hampton and Sons, Ltd., Pall Mall East, London, S.W.1.

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Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

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Do.	Branksome Dene Hotel
Do.	Boscombe Dene
Do.	Carlton Hotel
Do.	Cotford Hall Private Hotel
Do.	Haddon Hall Private Hotel
Do.	The Haven Hotel
Do.	The Imperial Hotel
Do.	Marina House Private Hotel
Do.	Mandurah Private Hotel
Do.	Osborne Priory Hotel
Do.	Westminster Hall Hotel
Bowness-on-Windermere	Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill	Burford Bridge Hotel
Bradford-on-Avon	Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan	Allan Water Hotel
Brighton	Belvidere Mansions Hotel
Do.	Hollywood Hotel
Broadway	Lygon Arms Hotel
Bromley Hill, Kent	Bromley Hill Court Hotel
Brora	Grand Hotel
Do.	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Budleigh Salterton	Rosemullion Hotel
Buxton	The Bedford Hotel
Do.	The Old Hall Hotel
Carrigart (Co. Donegal)	The Rosapenna Hotel
Catterick	The Bridge House Hotel
Chagford	Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar	Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham	Ellenborough Hotel
Do.	Plough Hotel
Do.	Pyatt's Hotel
Chester	Queen's Hotel
Cirencester	King's Head Hotel
Do.	Wellesley House Hotel
Cliftonville	Grand Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Court Hotel
Do.	Kingscliffe Hotel
Cork	Imperial Hotel
Criccieth	Caerwylan Private Hotel
Do.	Lion Hotel
Cromer	The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock	Greyhound Hotel
Dalkey (Co. Dublin)	Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish	Sefton Hotel
Derby	Friary Hotel
Do.	Midland Hotel
Dingle (Co. Kerry)	Benner's Hotel
Dornoch	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Droitwich Spa	Impney Hotel
Do.	Raven Hotel
Dublin	Central Hotel
Do.	Royal Hibernian Hotel
Do.	Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries	County Hotel
Dundee	Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld	Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Eastbourne	Grand Hotel
Do.	Southdown Hotel
Do.	The Chatsworth Hotel
Do.	York House Hotel
Edinburgh	Barnton Hotel, Cramond Bridge
Do.	Caledonian Hotel
Do.	Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do.	Roxburghe Hotel
Do.	Royal British Hotel
Elie	Marine Hotel
Falmouth	Falmouth Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Folkestone	Grand Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Fort William	Imperial Hotel
Fowey	Fowey Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Hotel
Glasgow	Central Hotel
Do.	George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do.	St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles	Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork)	Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester	Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Do.	New Inn Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Do.	Spread Eagle
Goathland	The Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea	The Pier Hotel
Greenock	Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern	Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones (Co. Wicklow)	Grand Hotel
Guernsey	Richmond Hotel
Guildford	Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane	Bisset's Hotel
Halifax	White Swan Hotel
Harrogate	Cairn Hydropathic Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Granby Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Majestic Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Haslemere, Surrey	Whitwell Hatch Hotel
Hastings	Queen's Hotel
Heathfield	Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-Thames	Imperial Hotel
Hereford	Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead	Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross	Hoops Inn
Hove	Courtlands Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull	White House Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Hythe	Sutherland House Hotel
Ilfracombe	Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon)	Instow Private Hotel
Inverness	Station Hotel
Kenilworth	Arden House Hotel
Keswick	County Hotel
Do.	Keswick Hotel
Do.	The Borrowdale Hotel
Do.	Skiddaw Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Do.	Royal Oak Hotel
Kew Gardens	Cumberland House Private Hotel
Kingstown (Co. Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Kingussie	Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh	Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa	Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Maisonette Private Hotel
Leeds	Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane	Newton House Hotel
Leighton Buzzard	The Cock Hotel
Letchworth	The People's House
Lincoln	Grand Hotel
Littlehampton	Southlands Hotel
Liverpool	Adelphi Hotel
Do.	Exchange Hotel
Do.	North Western Hotel
Llandrindod Wells	Ye Wells Hotel
Llandudno	Empire Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire	Loch Awe Hotel
London	Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do.	Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2
Do.	Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Rd., S.W.7
Do.	Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2
Do.	Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2
Do.	Cromwell House Private Hotel, 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5
Do.	Euston Hotel, Drummond Street, N.W.1
Do.	Grafton Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1
Do.	Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.
Do.	Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn St., Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do.	Midland Grand Hotel, Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do.	New Norfolk Hotel, London St., W.2
Do.	Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1
Do.	Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, S.W.
Do.	Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do.	Ruskin Manor Hotel, 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
Do.	South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Do.	Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1
Do.	Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do.	"Trevose," 68/70, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2
Do.	West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Looe	Fieldhead Hotel
Lossiemouth	Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Lyme Regis	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Pitt House Hotel
Do.	Stile House Hotel
Do.	The Bay Hotel
Lytham	Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead	Skindles Hotel
Do.	Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone	Royal Star Hotel
Manchester	Midland Hotel
Matlock	Rockside Hydro
Milford-on-Sea	Kingsmede Hotel
Minehead	Kingsway Private Hotel
Moretonhampstead	Manor House Hotel
Morthoe	Watersmeet Hotel
Nairn	Royal Marine Hotel
Newnham-on-Severn	Victoria Hotel
Newquay	Atlantic Hotel
Do.	Headland Hotel
Do.	St. Rumon's Hotel
Do.	Hotel Victoria
North Berwick	Marine Hotel
North Berwick	Royal Hotel
Northampton	Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham	The County Hotel
Do.	The George Hotel
Oban	Great Western Hotel
Do.	Station Hotel
Oughterard (Co. Galway)	Corrib Hotel
Oxford	Randolph Hotel
Paignton	Paignton Palace Hotel
Do.	Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr	Grand Hotel
Penrith	Ullswater Hotel
Perth	Station Hotel
Petersfield	Fern Bank Private Hotel
Plymouth Hoe	Hoe Mansion Hotel
Portheawl	Seabank Hotel
Ramsey, I.O.M.	Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond	Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey)	Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks)	The King's Head Hotel
Ripon	Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down)	Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge	Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews	Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea	Grand Hotel
St. Ives	Tregenna Castle Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots	Bridge Hotel
Do.	New Inn Hotel
Salisbury	Angel Hotel
Do.	Old George Hotel
Do.	The White Hart Hotel
Sandown, I.W.	Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough	The Manor Private Hotel
Do.	Pavilion Hotel
Seaford	Battle Creek Hotel
Seaton	The Royal Clarence Hotel
Sevenoaks	Heathfield Private Hotel
Do.	"Top o' the Hill"
Shanklin	Channel View Hotel
Sheffield	Albany Hotel
Do.	Angel Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Sidmouth	Belmont Hotel
Do.	Fortfield Hotel
Do.	Torbay View Hotel
Do.	Victoria Hotel
Do.	Westcliff Hall Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth	Grange Hotel
Do.	"Aberdalgie"
Southport	Prince of Wales Hotel
Southsea	Gladstone Hotel
Do.	Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold	The Swan Hotel
Staines	Pack Horse Hotel
Stonehaven	Royal Hotel
Stranraer	King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon	Arden Hotel
Stroud	The Bear Inn
Do.	Hillgrove Guest House
Sunbury-on-Thames	Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland	Palatine Hotel
Surbiton	Oakenshaw, Oak Hill
Swanage	Craigside Hotel
Taunton	Castle Hotel
Teignmouth	Beach Hotel
Do.	Dunmore Hotel, Shaldon
Do.	Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe	Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury	The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon)	Rock House Private Hotel
Do.	Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay	Allerdale Hotel
Do.	Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Haldon Manor Hotel
Do.	Links Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do.	Osborne Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Do.	Palm Court Hotel
Do.	Roslin Hall Hotel
Do.	The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do.	The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do.	Victoria and Albert Hotel
Do.	White House Hotel
Troon	Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells	Earl's Court Hotel
Do.	Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool	Royal Hotel
Uxbridge	Brookfield Hotel
Ventnor	Rocklands Private Hotel, St. Lawrence
Do.	Royal Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Do.	Belmont Private Hotel
Waltham Cross	Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick	Lord Leycester Hotel
Wellington, Somerset	Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea	Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool	Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare	Cairo Private Hotel, Ltd.
Do.	Crosby Hall Hotel
Do.	Royal Pier Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks	Kirby's Hotel
Whitley Bay	Waverley Hotel
Winchester	Talbot Hotel
Do.	Wellington House Hotel, Kingsgate
Windermere	Belsfield Hotel
Do.	Low Wood Hotel
Windsor	The Old House Hotel
Woolacombe	Whin Bay Hotel
Do.	Woolacombe Bay Hotel
Worthing	Steyne Hotel

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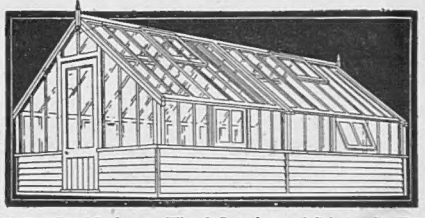

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What's in "BRITANNIA" this month?

More than ever as the days grow shorter

" This is a story of the days when people still had money and the hotels of the Riviera were able to charge twenty-five francs for a dry Martini: days now so remote that they begin to take on the faint glamour of a grown-up fairy tale. The oranges and lemons, hanging like balls of pale and deeper gold, brought no thought of a tottering standard. In expensively-decorated casinos large sums of currency passed fluently from hand to hand. Paradise, in short, à la rue de la Paix—or rather à la Place Vendôme, where all the banks are . . .

The Château Bérénice was built in the year 1596 as a slight tribute to one of the mistresses of Henri IV. Or so say the guide-books: in any case, the story is still worth money. The original constructions, when M. Poire came on the scene some four centuries later, had long crumbled away; but one tower remained, and round this nucleus, with indomitable energy, he gradually built up the most expensive hotel between the Alps and the Pyrenees. The rooms in the old wing (for which M. Poire naturally charged double) numbered no more than six: but such is the force of historic association (especially if tinged with scandal) that those six amply sufficed to fill the remaining two hundred. The other great feature of the Château was a wide stone terrace, built up almost from the shore and conveniently planted with orange trees and umbrellas in alternate tubs: across which, at the moment when this moral history opens, a very beautiful young man was slowly sauntering in the direction of the lounge. No sooner, however, had he reached the door than he faced about, appeared to consult his watch, and wandered idly back to where a girl in white was sitting under one of the yellow sunshades.

She was a very pretty girl, with slanting blue eyes and dark hair, almost as sleek as his own, but it was none of these undeniable attractions that drew the young man out of his way. . . ."

In " MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN "
by Margery Sharp.

A pretty girl and a man—go-getters both, with both eyes fixed on the main chance . . . . but it was not only Antony who counted the world well lost for love.

YOU MUST READ IT.

This beautiful signed portrait of
RONALD COLMAN
GIVEN AWAY
with this issue

BRITANNIA & EVE is not essentially a fashion paper, but Madge Garland knows what every woman wants to know for the Autumn . . . She writes: " September, 1932, and by the time you read this I shall have seen the Winter Collection in Paris, and know what you and I are going to wear for the next six months, and in our next issue I propose to give you a resumé of all I see and hear . . . But already there are indications of subtle changes, rumours of this and that, a new hat hazarded, a new silhouette confirmed by popular opinion. We know that velvet is going to be the material of outstanding importance this season, velvet of every description. Fine panne velvets, stitched velvets for hats, plush velvets, cotton velvets, waterproof velvets, uncrushable velvets, and some new velvets which have a fluffy, furry surface. Then duveteen has returned, and broadcloth, which has invaded the evening mode, and we are certainly going to wear cloth evening gowns this winter, as we cheerfully wore gingham ones last summer.

We are going to wear black, but black with a difference. We are going to vary it with ' off-black,' just as we varied white with ' off-white ' this summer, and a dull battleship grey is predicted, though relieved with colour, coral red and green for preference. We shall also use black as a trimming for navy blue, and, as usual, contrast it with white, particularly in the evening; for day wear we shall see a lot of burgundy and cerise reds, but no yellow reds.

Our skirt lengths will, I think, remain unchanged, unless . . . "

You must read every word—there are pages of "Fashion" in the September issue.

Ask your Newsagent to deliver it

" THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE DAMNED " *by C. Patrick Thompson*
" STUDY THE STARS AND DRESS YOUR LINE " *by M. O. Peak*
" ORANGES AND LEMONS " *by Julian Fitzgerald*
" A QUARTETTE IN TWO SUITES " *by Peter Blundell*
" THE LAST OF THE MATADORS " *by Ferdinand Tuohy*
" FLESHPOTS " *by Lady Troubridge*
" TRAINING THE MAN WITH THE MICROSCOPE " *by Joan Woollcombe*
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" QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO " *by F. Matania, R.I.*
" MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN " *by Margery Sharp*
" I MEAN TO BE COMFORTABLE THIS WINTER " *by Winifred Lewis*
" OPEN LETTERS TO THE WOULD-BE'S OF THE THEATRE " *by Hannen Swaffer*
" BIG BUSINESS." No. 8—THE HOUSE OF GUINNESS *by Gordon Beckles*
" THAT'S LIFE OLD HORSE " *by Frank E. Verney*
" HAVE THE TALKIES ANYTHING TO SAY? " *by Sydney Tremayne*
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BEAUTY CULTURE: *by " Chrysis "*
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" BOTTLING FRUIT AT NO EXPENSE " *by Cyril Grange, F.R.H.S.*
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" THE BEGINNING AND END OF A MEAL " *by A. H. Adair*
"A FLAT IN AUDLEY HOUSE" *by Pamela Murray*
" FASHION FORECAST " *by Madge Garland*

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